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EXPOSITION
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GOD'S PATIENCE.
BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

Abraham, at his tent,
One mystic evening when the sunset shades
O'er western hills proclaim that daylight fades,
Saw, withered, old and bent,
A stranger drawing near; with greeting blest,
He ushered in for water, food and rest.
With eager haste he spread
Before his guest the solemn evening meal;
But when the stranger did not thank re-
veal,
Impatiently he said,
"How canst thou eat or drink, nay, press the
ad?
Of this green earth, and give no thanks to
God?"
Then, when in stubborn scorn
He still refused to name the holy Name,
The patriarch's stern wrath burst like a
flame,
And feeble, old and worn,
Unfled, he thrust him out into the night,
Crying, "Begone! Hasten from my loath-
ing sight!"
But in the midnight still
The voice of God was heard in calm re-
proof:
"Where is the guest that came beneath thy
roof?"
Then Abram answered chill,
"He would not give Thee thanks; so with-
out doubt
In righteous scorn I turned and thrust him
out."
Then slow the Voice replied:
"I have had patience with that erring soul
These hundred years; in love have let
them roll;
And couldst not thou have tried
One single night to bear with him, when I
have let in pity these long years go by?"

THE HAND UNDER THE WING.
BY REV. J. W. JOHNSTON.

The book of Ezekiel is the hiero-
glyphic obelisk of the Old Testament.
It stands in the Word of God like an
Egyptian monolith, with strange writing
on every side, and covered from
base to apex with mystic inscriptions.
Just as the Babylonian king looked
with amazement upon the writing of
the fiery finger, so we often gaze at
the wondrous characters graven on
this stone, and we ask in vain for
some Daniel who can decipher the
penmanship of God. But in the vision
of the cherubim as given in the
first and tenth chapters of this re-
markable book, it requires no great
spiritual discernment to apprehend at
once the meaning of the prophet.
Stripped of all poetic imagery, and re-
leased from spiritual metaphor, the
plain teaching of this vision is, that
under the wing of the highest relig-
ious experience there is to be seen the
form of a human hand; and just as
the soul reaches toward God in aspi-
ration and heavenly-mindedness, so
will the hand reach toward man in
helpfulness and sympathy.

As a general thing, religion has
too much wing and too little hand.
We profess too much; we practice
too little. We are ready at all times
with the wing, but the hand is not so
freely offered. Listen to some men as
they talk about the prosperity of Zion.
They are indeed most eloquent.
They speak with a strange earnest-
ness; and as we look at them, their
eyes flashing, their cheeks flushed,
their lips trembling, 'twould seem as
though divine fire was turning upon
their heart. But ask them for some-
thing to pay off a crushing debt, ask
them to assume part of the burden
which others are stooping under, ask
them to visit strangers who are lonely
and homesick in the city, ask them to
make their religion a little more
definite and practical, and you will
see that they are all wing and no
hand.

Others, now and then, are deeply
moved with pity for the poor. As the
wintry winds sweep past, and the
snows and ice gather in the sky, some
will speak with sympathy in every
tone, and no words could be more
human or tender. But ask them to
carry a well-filled basket from their
ownarder to some aged widow who
carries a scanty pittance with her
needle, or make warm clothing for
some little children who are shiver-
ing with the cold, or help some poor
fellow who has met with an accident,
and alas! how often will you find that
there is more wing than hand, more
public prayer than private help.

And how many there are who are
always asking for a revival in the
church! They are fervent in their
prayer; loud in their exhortations,
bold in their warnings, and clear in
their promises. Under their burning

words the pastor is humiliated and
conscience-stricken, and hastens to
appoint meetings for special prayer and
church awakening. But where are
those who have professed to feel so
deeply the burden of souls? Are they
visiting the backslidden and the luke-
warm? Are they exhorting from house
to house the careless and the impeni-
tent? Are they at the place of prayer
night after night cheering the pastor
by their presence and sustaining the
meetings by their gifts? Oh, no! their
wings are folded in the warm and
cosy parlor, and with a faint prayer
that God will revive His work, they
sink away into heavenly contempla-
tion and dreams. All wings, and no
hands! And who has not heard "both
men and women profess a strange
willingness to do service for God? Like
Peter, they assume a heroic atti-
tude, and are ready to follow their
Master even unto death. Visions of
some great duty float vaguely through
the sky of their thought, and nothing
short of a mission to some heathen land,
where they can labor with strange de-
votion, dying at length in exhaustion
and toil, will meet the desire of their
excited hearts. But ask them to
teach in the Sabbath-school, to sustain
the regular meetings of the church, to
go out upon a round of social visita-
tion, or even to subscribe generously
for foreign missions, and a peculiar
hush will fall upon their aroused emo-
tions, and their enthusiasm will won-
derously abate. What strange chap-
ters might be written on "religious
heroics!" How eloquently many of
us have spoken about devotion, and
self-sacrifice, and duty; but when the
test came, it was found that we had
more wing than hand; indeed, 'twould
be all wing, and no hand at all.

Many of us have seen copies and
photographs of the famous Venus of
Milo. For beauty and grace this
statue has ever been admired, and in
the perfection of its outline and ex-
quisite pose of the figure it is almost
without an equal. But how sadly it
is disfigured by the absence of arms!
No graceful limb reaches from the
shoulder, no hand extends in sym-
pathy to ours. How much of our re-
ligion resembles this statue! We have
everything but the hands, and yet
without the hands of what use is our
religion? What we need in our relig-
ious life-day is more hand and less
wing, more work and less talk, more
practice and less profession. The min-
istry of Christ was pre-eminently the
ministry of the hand. He touched
men with a hand that pulsed with ten-
derness and sympathy; He led them
with a hand that throbbed with gen-
tleness and love; and how much the
world needs hands—gentle hands for
brows that ache with pain and sad-
ness; loving hands for hearts that are
crushed and sorrowing; generous
hands for homes that are darkened
with poverty and want; sympathetic
hands for those who are tempted and
fallen; active hands for souls that are
in deadness and sin; willing hands to
take hold upon the common duties of
life. Everywhere we hear the cry for
hands. Then as we rise into the
life of God, as we reach up to the
divine and glorious things which may
be ours, as the pinions of our faith
sweep into skies of unknown and hith-
erto undiscovered thought, let us see
to it that the hand is under the wing,
and while our hopes stretch heaven-
ward in desire and aspiration, let our
hands reach earthward in sympathy
and help.

Wings to bear us upward, wings to reach the
sky,
Wings to bring us Godward, wings to soar on
high;
Hands to touch our brother, hands to lift
above,
Hands to help each other, hands of grace and
love.

"And there appeared in the cheru-
bims the form of a man's hand, under
their wings."

AMONG THE SAND HILLS.
BY REV. JOHN A. CASS.

Beginning with the lands of the
Ponca Reservation, the Niobrara
river divides Dakota from Nebraska
for a hundred miles straight on to-
wards the sunset. Should one follow
this stream till he reached the twenty-
second degree of longitude, he would
then see in the blue distance the out-
lying summits of the famous sand-
hills—"sand dunes," as they are

called by geologists. They are among
the most singular phenomena of the
great West, and I suppose, have not
been often seen by eastern people.
They vary in altitude from a mere
noticeable rise above the plains to
elevations of perhaps six hundred
feet, and they extend over enormous
reaches of country, covering in the
Niobrara region alone more than
twenty thousand square miles. They
are composed entirely of white or
whitish sand, which, like all sand, is
simply the detritus of rocks pulver-
ized by the forces of nature.

Nothing is known of the history of
these dunes, though in their conjectures
about them scientists are generally
agreed in supposing that they are
very old—older than our race by
some hundreds of decades; that they
were once covered with the waters of
ocean; and that they have been
thrown into their present shape by
some tremendous force such as has
upheaved other mountain ranges.
The higher peaks are destitute of
vegetation, generally, though there
is an occasional tuft of wild grass,
and I once saw a summit crowned
with numerous specimens of flower-
ing cacti, among which I found bot-
tle-green grasshoppers as large as ordi-
nary humming-birds. These barren
cones are so nearly white that very
distant hills often have the appearance
of being snow-capped.

Another noticeable thing is that
the hills are nearly all crescent
shaped. On the northwestern side,
where the wind strikes hardest and
oftenest, the sand has frequently been
removed, leaving huge, semi-circular
hollows, in which the deer are fond
of lying to enjoy the sunshine. A
still further peculiarity is seen in the
uniform pattern on which the hills
are made, for they are so strikingly
similar in appearance that one can
never fix upon a peak and say, with
certainty, "I have seen this before."

Such a region would naturally im-
press one as being dull and unattrac-
tive, and so, in general, it probably
would prove to be; but in almost any
kind of landscape there are some attrac-
tive features, and not infrequently
there are pictures presented whose
intrinsic beauty is enhanced by their
contrast with their surroundings.
This may be especially true in the
wild country of which I am speaking;
at any rate, I have taken my pen to
describe two pictures which I saw
when there, and to make mention of
the lessons they taught me.

Across a broad range of these very
hills which make the Niobrara region
famous, a little company were once
journeying on the backs of Broncho
ponies, when we were overtaken by
a violent storm of rain. For a day
and a night we sought shelter beneath
our canvas, and early next morning,
when the storm seemed likely to
cease, we broke camp, and pushed
on—two of us going some hours in
advance. There was little of interest
in the country itself to be noted,
for after a rain the sand hills are
dreary in the extreme; and we busied
ourselves with watching the clouds.
Here the phenomena was really won-
derful. For a brief time the entire
valley would be filled with the dull,
gray masses, and then a rush of wind
from the northwest would scatter
them in fragments and permit us to
look for a moment far into the blue
concave. Sometimes the clouds
seemed to grow rapidly heavier, for
they settled down almost upon the
barren peaks of the hills, and again,
lifting, they would be broken into
innumerable fragments, which chased
each other in wild disorder athwart
the sky—fragments more grotesquely
shaped than those wherein the Prince
of Denmark pointed out to old Polo-
nius the forms of camels and weasels
and whales.

For the larger part of the day this
continued, but at length the great
treasure of the heavens bade the
storm-retire with his forces, and the
sun came out to bid us a pleasant
good-night. But now came a mar-
velous thing. In almost every quar-
ter of the heavens the clouds still
lingered, but as they slowly floated
up from the horizon, bright
gleams of color began to appear,
like joy returning to the face of sor-
row; and soon a beautiful rainbow
was visible, with either end resting
on the summit of a towering hill.
The iris itself was peculiarly well
defined, and a secondary bow, with

colors in reverse order, was very
clearly seen. Within the space en-
closed, the sky was wondrously blue;
without it the great cloud masses were
yet to be seen, and it required no
flight of poetic fancy to suggest that
unseen fingers were raising the cur-
tain that we might look into another
world—a world where storms and
clouds come never. It was in-
deed a vision of beauty. Rapt in
wonder, we sat in silence on our
half-wild horses, and looked on the
glorious picture till again the cloud
curtain fell, and the spell was broken.

As we resumed our journey, I
could not but be thoughtful; and the
impressions of that hour have been
abiding and linger with me yet. Be-
yond controversy Gray's lines are
true,—
"Full many a flower is born to blush un-
seen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air;"
and with equal truthfulness, per-
haps, it may be affirmed that some of
the loveliest natural pictures are to
be seen in the most unfrequented
parts of the world. And it may be,
God has thus been prodigal of beauty
as a hint of what His great universe
has yet to present to the souls who
shall be permitted to travel through
those bright realms "where the
many mansions be." And it may be
that I did not greatly err when I
said to myself, as I have said many
times since then, perhaps God means
to make more real to me what I read
in the blessed Book, and so is here
pleased, by this wonderful picture, to
illustrate it—to let me look, as it
were, into that other country.

"Where no storms ever beat on the glitter-
ing strand,
While the years of eternity roll."
And if this was the lesson to be
learned, then I am sure the picture
was not uncovered in vain.
But if I had seen a vision of beau-
ty here, it was only a prelude to what
was yet in store for me, for it was
not many days later when I saw
something more surpassingly lovely
still. We were yet among the sand
dunes, and had reached a point
where the peaks upthrust themselves
farther than any I had seen before,
when our company became separated,
each man wandering off at pleasure,
searching for mountain deer. I
climbed a score of hills in rapid suc-
cession, and at length sat down to
rest on the summit of a lofty peak
which overtopped all its fellows.
While pausing here I suddenly heard
a sound as of strange, sweet music.
I sprang to my feet and looked
about, but could discover no living
thing. I had half concluded it must
have been an imaginary sound, when
again I heard it—this time
clear and strong and sweet as the
voice of a silver bugle. It seemed
to come from overhead, and glancing
upward—oh, vision of seraphic
beauty! Far away in mid-heaven a
company of great birds were slowly
winging their way westward. There
were just a score of them in the
group. Their huge bodies were
white as milk, their wings—which
measured more than seven feet from
tip to tip, and rose and fell with as
timely stroke as the oars which pro-
pelled Cleopatra over the Nile in her
silk-veiled and perfume-breathing
boat—were black as midnight, and
in the form of a great crescent with
its horns advanced, the band moved
slowly along their way.

All things conspired to add to the
beauty of the picture. The day it-
self was immaculate, for it was
among the first of an Indian sum-
mer. The air was clear as in a Gre-
cian dawn, and the white summits of
far distant hills were distinctly vis-
ible, while the shadows of nearer
peaks showed dark and heavy, like
blankets spread above the forms of
sleeping Titans. The sky was un-
flecked by clouds, and was of that
matchless blue which is the effect
only of seeing through unmeasured
spaces; and the bodies of the great
birds, standing out in a sort of living
bas-relief, showed with a charming
contrast. Oh, what a picture! These
eyes of mine will never see its like
again beneath the stars. Oh, for the
brush of Angelo! Oh, for the mouth
of Chrysothem! Oh, for the pen of
the Seer of Patmos! Are these
moving creatures inhabitants of earth,
or come they from beyond the blue?
Even while I look at them they send
out once more their concordant notes

—a music which is mellowed by its
downward float, and modified by
side-echoes from the back-answering
hills, and now comes to my ears
sweet as the pattering of rain-drops
on plates of silver.

For some moments I stood like one
entranced, and when I looked
around, I saw, on hill-tops far away
from me and from each other, two of
my companions intently gazing at the
same glorious panorama. Instantly
there came to mind the rainbow scene
of days before, with its lessons of
faith, and now came the same les-
sons, to be yet more indelibly im-
pressed upon my soul. For if that
illustrated to me the fact that there
is a country beyond the clouds, it was
yet only a silent and tenantless world;
but now God lets these beautifully-
robed and sweet-voiced creatures ap-
pear, as if coming out from that
country, to illustrate to me the truth
that there the departed still live and
love and sing.

At once memory became active.
All the sweet words which I had
ever read came to my tongue, and
out upon the wild silence—perhaps
till then unbroken by a white man's
voice—I shouted these inspiring
words of Horatius Bonar:—
"These peaks are nearer heaven than earth
below,
These hills are higher than they seem;
'Tis not the clouds they touch, nor the soft
blue of the ether's azure, as we deem;
'Tis the blue floor of heaven that they up-
bear,
And, like some old and wildly rugged
star,
They lift us to the land where all is fair—
The Land of which I dream."

And I followed this with the lines of
Edmund Spenser—lines which have
a meaning deeper than he thought:—
"For far above these heavens which here
we see,
Be others far exceeding these in light;
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same
be,
But infinite in largeness and in height,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotless bright,
That need no sun to illuminate their
spheres,
But their own native light farre passing
theirs."

The vision passed; the journey
came to an end; the little company of
friends separated; and I am at my
appointed work again. But the im-
pressions remain; they help to give
clearness to the Word when I read of
that other country; and often and
often amid the toils of life I re-echo
the prayer first uttered in that wil-
derness of sand:—
"O sweet and omnipotent God!
Thou givest visions in the night and
in the day—visions which constant-
ly remind us of that land to which
we hasten. Be pleased to help us by
Thy grace in this world, so that by
and by we may come up into that
land where there is no sunshine, and
therefore no shadow, but where in
the light of Thy face we shall stand
transfigured."

REV. HUGH BOURNE.
BY REV. E. BARRETT, M. A.

[Continued.]

To our readers, doubtless, the pro-
ceedings last week narrated do not
appear to be anything remarkable. At
the time they occurred they were re-
garded as very irregular, and some of the
ministers of that day did not take the most
prudent course to correct what they
deemed to be improper. More than one
person was expelled from the church
by having their quarterly tickets with-
held. It must be admitted that the
"irregular" services had become so
numerous that Hugh Bourne and his
co-workers were frequently absent from
the ordinary means of grace. Still, we
think that the ecclesiastical policy of
that day pursued a mistaken rule,
which contributed to the formation of
another branch of the Methodist fam-
ily, which now numbers more than one
thousand ministers and nearly two hun-
dred thousand members.

The denomination thus organized has
been made abundantly useful, especially
among the laboring classes of England,
many of whom have not only been saved
from their sins, but by the industrious
habits which they have formed they
have risen in the social scale, and some
of them have become persons of afflu-
ence. Amazing occurrences sometimes
took place in connection with some of
the early converts. A very zealous, God-
fearing man, who prior to his conver-
sion had been exceedingly wicked, was
brought before the magistrates for con-
ducting public worship in the streets,
and somebody complained that the pub-
lic were inconvenienced. As soon as
the preacher was brought into court, he
knelt down and began to pray aloud.
All in the court were more or less af-

fected, and some of the magistrates even
wept. The presiding magistrate told
the constable to "stop him," but he
heeded him not, and continued his
prayer for a considerable time longer.
He then rose and said, "Now, gentle-
men, I am quite ready for business."
The prisoner was ordered into the
anteroom while his case was considered.
One of the magistrates, with great emo-
tion, said, "We have often had this
man before us, but never before under
such circumstances. If this is a sam-
ple of the work achieved by the labors
of the Primitive Methodists, I wish
them success wherever they go." It
did not take them long to decide that
he had broken no law, and that, there-
fore, they would very gladly acquit him.
"Well, gentlemen," said an officer of
the court, "shall we call him in, and
say he is acquitted?" "What! what!
call him in? No, never, or you'll have
him on his knees returning thanks.
Let him out at a side door, but tell him
he is fully at liberty to carry on his good
work."

From the formation of the Primitive
Methodist denomination, Mr. Bourne
soon gave evidence of his ability for ex-
cellent management. Rev. W. Clowes
and others were evangelists, but he was
the disciplinarian, and when a connec-
tional periodical was begun, he was
made the editor, which office he sus-
tained for more than twenty years; but
all the while he was abundant in labors,
and would often perform long journeys
on foot and preach in the most humble
places as well as the more important.
When more than seventy years of age,
he one day walked fifteen miles and
preached, though rain was falling dur-
ing most of the journey. Some friends
remonstrated, but he said, "Foot or no
foot, I must be about my Master's busi-
ness." He would visit the Sunday-
schools at every opportunity, conduct
public worship in the open air, and talk
to people wherever he met them on the
subject of their souls' salvation.

One who knew him well thus describes
him when he was about fifty years of
age: "He was in stature say five feet
nine inches, rounded in the shoulders,
having small eyes looking from under
somewhat lowering eye-brows, a wrinkled
forehead, and altogether unprepos-
sing in his appearance. Then he
presented no great set-off in his apparel.
His hat, although it might have been
better days, had never been rounded in
dandy style. He wore a blue coat, on
which the winds of a former winter had
possibly blown, velvet small clothes
reaching but just below the knees, blue
stockings, and a pair of low, rough,
strong shoes." Through life he paid
but little attention to the ornament of
dress, though in general he was neat
and clean; still, he abhorred the fash-
ions, and often warned the people
against worldly conformity.

He was a man of great self-denial.
Long before temperance societies were
formed, he was an abstainer from all in-
toxicating liquors and would not use to-
bacco in any form. He was always ready
to lend a helping hand to the temperance
cause, and we believe he was the first
person who proposed to hold a temperance
meeting in connection with each
Annual Conference. He also frequently
preached temperance sermons, one of
which he founded on nine passages of
Scripture. A friend once asked him to
"take a little home-made wine." "No,"
said he, "nor foreign-made either." Even
in his last illness, when recom-
mended to take a small portion of wine
medicinally, he said, "My name is Hugh
Bourne. I am a teetotaler from all in-
toxicating drinks. No rum, no gin, no
brandy for me, nor anything like it."

When he was made a supernumerary
minister, he continued to labor to the
utmost of his ability. Being a bachelor,
he had no settled home, and was never
content unless he was visiting the
churches. When more than sixty years
of age he crossed the Atlantic in a sailing
vessel and spent some time in Canada,
and the United States, where his labors
might be pronounced hereafter. He
was not afraid either of the summer's
heat or the winter's cold. He was a close
observer of men and things, and we
well remember how vividly he described
Niagara Falls after his return to Eng-
land.

Mr. Bourne was in many respects a
most peculiar man. He never attempted
to make any display of learning, but
was always full of earnestness in preach-
ing, and though he was invariably plain
and concise, he always used sound speech,
that could not be condemned. He was a
strict disciplinarian, and no doubt some
would pronounce him severe as an ad-
ministrator, but he endeavored to be
faithful in all things, and sought to make
the church pure. However stern he
might be in some instances, he was pos-
sessed of a kind heart, and would al-
ways sympathize with those who were
in trouble.

To do good was the object of his life,
and this he sought to impress upon the
minds of all, both ministers and people.
He never sought for emoluments, and
was often extremely poor. The amount
awarded him for his services would as-
tonish those who minister to some of
our city congregations. If he had but
food and raiment, he cared for little else.
He believed that he was called by God to
do a certain work, and he was anxious
that the denomination of which he was
properly the founder should be the means
of spreading Christianity, especially

among the working classes of England;
and when he died, in the 81st year of his
age, not only had the denomination ex-
tended to every county in England and
some parts of Ireland and Scotland, but
also to Canada and the Australasian
colonies, and to a few places in the
United States. And seeing all this had
been done in little more than forty years,
it might well be said, "What hath God
wrought!" Hugh Bourne's legacy to the
Primitive Methodist Connection, and
taking him all in all, we do not expect
to see his like again.

OUR TRAINING SCHOOLS.
BY REV. T. W. HISHOP.

A recent visit to the East Maine Con-
ference brought me, on my way back, to
Bucksport, Kent's Hill and Tilton, each
of which is the seat of a Methodist
academy.

The one at Bucksport, founded in
1851, is "beautiful for situation," if not
"the joy of the whole earth." Perched
on its hill, with Fort Knox harmlessly
scowling at it from the opposite bank
of the Penobscot, it enjoys a view and an
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against worldly conformity.

He was a man of great self-denial.
Long before temperance societies were
formed, he was an abstainer from all in-
toxicating liquors and would not use to-
bacco in any form. He was always ready
to lend a helping hand to the temperance
cause, and we believe he was the first
person who proposed to hold a temperance
meeting in connection with each
Annual Conference. He also frequently
preached temperance sermons, one of
which he founded on nine passages of
Scripture. A friend once asked him to
"take a little home-made wine." "No,"
said he, "nor foreign-made either." Even
in his last illness, when recom-
mended to take a small portion of wine
medicinally, he said, "My name is Hugh
Bourne. I am a teetotaler from all in-
toxicating drinks. No rum, no gin, no
brandy for me, nor anything like it."

When he was made a supernumerary
minister, he continued to labor to the
utmost of his ability. Being a bachelor,
he had no settled home, and was never
content unless he was visiting the
churches. When more than sixty years
of age he crossed the Atlantic in a sailing
vessel and spent some time in Canada,
and the United States, where his labors
might be pronounced hereafter. He
was not afraid either of the summer's
heat or the winter's cold. He was a close
observer of men and things, and we
well remember how vividly he described
Niagara Falls after his return to Eng-
land.

Mr. Bourne was in many respects a
most peculiar man. He never attempted
to make any display of learning, but
was always full of earnestness in preach-
ing, and though he was invariably plain
and concise, he always used sound speech,
that could not be condemned. He was a
strict disciplinarian, and no doubt some
would pronounce him severe as an ad-
ministrator, but he endeavored to be
faithful in all things, and sought to make
the church pure. However stern he
might be in some instances, he was pos-
sessed of a kind heart, and would al-
ways sympathize with those who were
in trouble.

To do good was the object of his life,
and this he sought to impress upon the
minds of all, both ministers and people.
He never sought for emoluments, and
was often extremely poor. The amount
awarded him for his services would as-
tonish those who minister to some of
our city congregations. If he had but
food and raiment, he cared for little else.
He believed that he was called by God to
do a certain work, and he was anxious
that the denomination of which he was
properly the founder should be the means
of spreading Christianity, especially

among the working classes of England;
and when he died, in the 81st year of his
age, not only had the denomination ex-
tended to every county in England and
some parts of Ireland and Scotland, but
also to Canada and the Australasian
colonies, and to a few places in the
United States. And seeing all this had
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OUR TRAINING SCHOOLS.
BY REV. T. W. HISHOP.

A recent visit to the East Maine Con-
ference brought me, on my way back, to
Bucksport, Kent's Hill and Tilton, each
of which is the seat of a Methodist
academy.

The one at Bucksport, founded in
1851, is "beautiful for situation," if not
"the joy of the whole earth." Perched
on its hill, with Fort Knox harmlessly
scowling at it from the opposite bank
of the Penobscot, it enjoys a view and an
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Miscellaneous.

WESLEYAN METHODIST CONNECTION OF AMERICA.

BY REV. CYRUS PRINDLE, D. D.

II.

In a former article I gave an account of the origin and early success of this body. In this I proposed to relate incidents that have occurred, tending to convince many of that denomination that the manifest design of Providence in raising up this body was contingent of temporary. I stated that, after the session of the General Conference of 1844, secessions from the M. E. Church ceased almost entirely; which showed that the anti-slavery portion of the Church believed that the action of that body was such a rebuke to slavery and its claims, that strong hopes might be entertained that the Church would soon recover her former position upon this subject; and subsequent events have fully justified these hopes.

Attention is now called to a class of facts in the history of this religious body that have a meaning in them of no small importance. In the first place, the increase in membership for the last twenty years bears no proportion to the prosperity of the earlier years of our existence. At the first General Conference, held in Cleveland, Ohio, in October, 1844, eighteen months after the organization took place, the numbers reported in the connection, including the preachers, was 15,000. And that Conference, which was constituted on the basis of one ministerial and one lay delegate to each 500 members, was so confident of prosperity in the future, that they changed the ratio of representation to 1,000 instead of 500. But in the place of such expected prosperity, in the next General Conference in 1848, the number reported was 16,466—the increase in the previous four years being only 1,466; and in view of this fact, the Conference changed to the former representation of 500 as the basis, where it has remained ever since.

From the General Conference of 1848, there began a decrease in the membership in some parts of the connection, especially the eastern portion of the country. For example, the New England Conference—made up mainly of Massachusetts, and where we had stationed almost fifty preachers, and had more than 2,000 members—for more than twenty years past has been blotted out of existence. And the same may be said, substantially, of the New York Conference and others I need not now name. So evident had it become that our denominational prosperity was decreasing, and also the differences between us and several other bodies of Christian brethren, that in different localities it was suggested that both Christianity and economy dictated a union with these bodies, as promising enlarged usefulness; and several conventions were held, having this object in view. The most important of these meetings I will name.

The first was a proposition to unite the United Brethren and the Wesleyans. After the published expressions in favor of this union, on the part of leading members of both these bodies, a convention was held in Dayton, O., May 16, 1855, at which were assembled in all fifty-seven brethren to consult together upon a subject which their common sense and Christian hearts told them ought to be made a success; an equal number of Wesleyans and United Brethren, and two Evangelical Associates, and one Free Presbyterian. And this, let it be remembered, was not an authorized meeting by any of the bodies represented. Brethren came together to represent themselves upon this subject of union. And in this view it must be regarded as a grand demonstration in the right direction. Bishop Edwards was President, and S. A. Baker and D. Strohmman, vice presidents; secretaries, H. B. Knight, W. Slaughter and J. G. Wollpert.

As the union between the United Brethren and the Wesleyans failed, for reasons I can hardly comprehend, another and more important convention was held in Cleveland, O., June 21, 1855, having in view the union of the different branches of non-episcopal Methodists; and the account of this convention here given, is condensed from the report by Rev. W. W. Lyle, the official reporter.

Number of Wesleyan ministers present, fifty-two; number of Wesleyan laymen, thirteen; number of Methodist Protestant ministers, forty-one; number of Methodist Protestant laymen, thirteen. Including visitors and others interested in the convention, there were present about one hundred and fifty delegates.

Dr. Prindle addressed the convention briefly. Rev. L. C. Matlack came forward, and amid profound silence and deepest interest and attention, read in a clear voice the following

REPORT ON THE BASIS OF UNION OF CHURCHES.

It is not the object of this convention to consummate at this time a union of the churches represented by the members—being unauthorized and without instructions to that work.

Neither is it the object of this convention to elaborate the details of a basis of union, nor to detail the mode of consummating a union for the reason above indicated.

With great caution, and by the use of guarded though hopeful language, the call for this convention ventures only to suggest the possibility of so presenting the claims of Christian union that it may ultimately be fully consummated by the legitimate authority.

We recommend for adoption by this convention—to be hereafter forwarded to all the Methodist bodies here represented for their information—the following resolutions as our full and final report:—

1. That the union of the Methodist bodies here represented is respectfully recommended to the early consideration of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Protestant Church of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection; of the Free Methodist Connection; and of the

sent, and any others of like character who may desire to unite with these.

2. That we recommend the calling of a convention, to be held in Union Chapel, Cincinnati, on the second Wednesday of May, 1866, and constituted on the following basis of representation, viz.: One minister and one layman for each five hundred members and fractions of over half of five hundred. Said convention to be fully authorized to fix upon a basis of union; and the mode of its consummation—subject to such confirmatory action by the bodies represented as may be agreed upon by said convention.

3. That we recommend that the plan of union shall fully and entirely secure the liberty of the local churches on New Testament principles; that an efficient itinerant ministry shall be maintained; and that Annual and General Conferences shall be maintained, with power to make all needful regulations consistent with the principles and institutions of the New Testament, as may be necessary to carry into effect the great principles of Scriptural Christianity.

The silence which prevailed during the reading of the introductory sentences, was only broken during the reading of the resolutions by frequent exclamations of approval and rejoicing. When the reading of the report was concluded, and motion for adoption had been made, there was a simultaneous and almost universal call for the question.

"Question! Question! Put the motion!"

"It's too good to debate!" were the expressions heard from all parts of the house.

"I move the adoption of the report item by item," said Rev. G. Bainum.

"It's too good to divide—let us have it all at once," said Dr. Flood.

"We want to make some speeches in favor of it," said some in the back part of the house.

"The best speech we can make on it," said President McKelowney, with telling energy and face aglow with enthusiastic earnestness, "is a rising vote. Let us have a rising vote! We are all prepared for it, and that will be a better speech than can be made on the report if we would speak all day on it."

"I want to speak a word," said Bro. Searies, of Union Chapel, Cincinnati.

"I love that report. I rejoice in God, to-day, that I have seen what I have seen, and heard what I have heard, in this convention."

Such was the mingled enthusiasm and thankfulness that hands were reached out in friendly grasps across aisles and pews, and handkerchiefs were fluttering all over the house, and every one seemed to be in danger of choking, while enlargement of the heart was the only disease that seemed to prevail. Several rose at once to speak.

"Give us the vote first, Mr. President," said Dr. Prindle, the tears trickling over his cheek, "and let us have the love-feast afterward."

"Question! Question!" "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" "Praise God!"

The president rose to put the motion.

"All who are in favor of the report on the basis of union will arise!"

Instantly every one in the house arose, and it seemed as if the vast assemblage, spectators and all, felt as if united the mighty wind which was heard on the day of Pentecost was sounding in their ears.

Rev. W. H. Brewster started to sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," which was instantly caught up by every one, and that grand old melody, "Old Hundred," was sung with thrilling earnestness and exuberant rejoicing. Gray-headed old men who had been preaching Christ for nearly half a century embraced each other saying, "Lord, now lettest Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation!" Younger men grasped each other's hands warmly, and one weot of felt one strong arm around him, and heard a brother's voice exclaiming, "Glory to God! Lyle, isn't this worth living for?"

"Brethren," said the president, after the doxology had been sung, "we have not put the negative. All who are opposed to the report will arise."

Not one voted in the negative. As a fitting finale to these thrillingly interesting scenes, a dispatch from the National Council of Congregational Churches in answer to one sent by this convention was received and read as follows:—

Boston, June 23, 1865.

To the Convention of Non-Episcopal Methodists at Cleveland, Ohio:

The National Council of Congregational Churches, standing upon the basis of Christian union and catholicity in faith, cordially responds to the fraternal greeting of the Convention at Cleveland.

WM. A. BUCKINGHAM, CHAS. G. HAMMOND, JOS. P. THOMPSON, Moderators.

Resolutions were passed expressive of thankfulness to God for the success with which the efforts had been attended, and for the unbroken harmony and Christian love which had marked the Convention. Resolutions were also passed tendering thanks to the citizens of Cleveland for their kind hospitalities; to the members of the Wesleyan Church for the use of their house, and to Revs. H. B. Knight and W. H. Brewster who gave their attention to the comfort of the members of the convention. After singing the doxology, and prayer by Dr. Lee, the convention adjourned sine die.

Strange as it may seem, though the report of the convention, made by Rev. L. C. Matlack, was adopted with such universal enthusiasm, not one voting in the negative, several returned home from that memorable occasion and became the open antagonists of the union they had voted for in the convention, and opposed the sending of delegates to the Cincinnati Convention the following May. I speak now of the Wesleyans. As far as I ever knew, the Methodist Protestants never swerved from their pledges and votes at the convention in Cleveland. The responsibility of the failure of the measure of union was wholly on the part of the Wesleyans. And every one must be aware that even slight opposition to the union of two parties, like that which was then pending, in most instances will prove disastrous to favorable results, as was the case in this instance.

"PRAYER THAT HEALS."

BY REV. SIDNEY K. SMITH.

I have just read with much pleasure the excellent article in Zion's Herald, entitled "Prayer That Heals." The subject is one of increasing interest to me, viewed both from the standpoint of investigation and experience. We cannot now push the matter aside and ascribe it to the fanaticism of a few weak-minded hobbyists. God is calling His church, unquestionably, to the recognition of the fact that the prayer of faith does secure bodily healing. These two facts face us in the religious world to-day, and demand attention: First, God does, by His Spirit, in response to the prayer of faith, effect bodily changes without the use of material means. Secondly, there is great danger of the prevalence of unscriptural and fanatical ideas concerning such manifestation of divine power.

The accompanying bestowments of grace, the enriching of spiritual experience in connection with this faith for bodily healing, clearly indicate that it is of God; while the permanency of the result secured proves it to be real and not imaginative. And yet, as you well say, there are sad mistakes made sometimes, and we must be very cautious, while we are confident, that we do not misinterpret the mind of the Spirit. The true philosopher accepts all genuine facts, and seeks first to know how he can best be related to them. What are the facts lying behind these phenomena which suggest the discussion of this theme? The following, as it seems to me, are a few of them:—

First, our redeemed bodies, consecrated to God, are as proper subjects of divine care as our souls; and their needs are covered by the "whatsoever" of Christ's promise. If we desire health that we may glorify God with it in active service, why may we not bring our bodies to Him for recovery and strength, since He has said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name that I will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son?" If we are sincerely led by the Spirit in so doing, God will inspire us with faith to receive Christ as the Great Physician for our bodies, unless He sees it would be more for His glory for us to suffer; then faith will be withheld, and sweet submission and patience be granted instead—either of which will be an answer to our prayer.

Secondly, there is nothing in God's Word forbidding the exercise of such faith in Christ now, while there is much that, implicitly at least, sanctions it. The divine declaration to Moses, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," is recognized again and again in the Old Testament, until its full manifestation is seen in the life of Christ, who went about healing "all manner of disease and all manner of sickness among the people." James teaches us in plain language that this is the abiding privilege of the church—"to pray for the sick, assured that the 'prayer of faith shall save the sick,' and he shall be raised up" thereby. The church has declared such privilege was confined to apostolic times, and belonged only to the age of miracles immediately following the advent of Christ, but is not this the unwarranted inference of our unbelief rather than the teaching of God's Word? Have we not limited our faith in Christ to purely spiritual blessings, and practically denied His power over our bodies, and without a passage of Scripture warrant, consigned all these physical benefits of faith to the age of miracles past, not to be expected now? Does not a candid study of Christ's life and declarations show this fact, that He healed the body, not simply to attest His divine mission by working miracles in this way, but because it was a part of His great redemptive plan, and the expression of His yearning desire to relieve human suffering and overcome the results of sin? And if so, is it not the heritage of God's people in every age, unless specifically withheld for the accomplishment of higher ends secured through the discipline of suffering? As proof of this view, see Matt. 8: 16, 17; Luke 10: 9; Acts 10: 38. Oh, may it not be that the faith and joy of the church, and the revealed power of the Holy Ghost, would be largely increased if in this wider range of trust and more complete consecration of our being, we draw near to a heart of our divine Lord with humble confidence?

Thirdly, God does now lead His suffering ones thus to trust Him, and does, in answer to their consecration and faith, really and gloriously heal their bodies by direct spiritual agency, according to His promise. A few years ago this was thought to be fanaticism, the professed cure either purely imaginative, or the temporary result of animal magnetism or some unknown agency, entirely this side of the supernatural; but, latterly, these cases have become so numerous and well authenticated (some of them, at least, unexplainable on any other hypothesis than that of divine agency in answer to prayer), that we must, in all candor, gratefully admit the fact that "the Great Physician still is near," to heal body as well as soul.

Fourthly, there are persons who are led of the divine Spirit to exercise this special gift of faith. They are led by deep conviction, born in prayer, not fanatically to test a theory, but in accordance with their clear conceptions of Bible truth, to do the Master's work; and as they thus yield themselves to God, most manifest results in the line of bodily healing attend their compliance with divine direction. Such persons are eminently spiritual, sweet spirited always, with humility seeking to glorify Christ, not to defend a theory or ride a hobby; thus evincing their divine call and winning the confidence of those God has commissioned them to relieve and bless in His name.

Fifthly, if this be so, is it not the duty of every Christian, and especially Christian minister, to recognize and acknowledge the fact, guard it carefully from all error, and defend and declare

it as God's truth, that we may not grieve the Spirit, but co-operate with Him in this most sacred manifestation of His divine influence? Should we not also be careful lest, while we recognize natural means as proper and intended for remedial use, we exalt them so much as to depreciate this faith-healing work, and make it too exceptional?

The number of Christians is daily increasing who have this conviction, that Christ delights to have us trust Him sincerely with the care of our bodies; that He will guard them, and keep them, and heal them, if we claim His promise and use them only for His glory. Besides, able physicians tell us that medical science is even now very largely an experiment. How many there are, who, like the poor woman in the Gospel, have "spent all their living upon the physicians, neither could be healed of any." If natural remedies were created and intended for use in sickness, as we believe unquestionably they were, certainly they fail many times, and many of God's people are sickly and weak, who in health would do much for the Master's cause. Why may we not let the precious "whatsoever" promise of Jesus sweep around and embrace our poor suffering bodies, as well as our souls, when God so plainly declares Himself to be one "who forgiveth all thy iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases?" It is the abiding, increasing conviction of my inmost soul, after a candid study of God's Word, that such is the continual desire of Him who when on earth not only "went about doing good," but who "Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses," "who healeth them that had need of healing," and who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

We have for centuries past denied this part of "the faith once delivered to the saints," and shut Christ out from the care of our bodies; and now He is revealing His ancient power afresh, and pleading His right to heal and bless body as well as soul, with new emphasis saying, "According to your faith be it unto you." The sweetest, most encouraging realization of divine fellowship is experienced when, after having committed our souls to Him, we come in our weakness and suffering, and touch the heart of Jesus with our plea for bodily relief. It is not opposition to medicine that inspires it, but a deep inward assurance that Jesus waits to give us this peculiar manifestation of His love for our souls, as well as our bodies, for His own glory.

We see clearly God's sanction of the noble calling of the physician and the use of natural remedies, in the fact that one He has especially called to proclaim this faith is himself a physician; and while he is constantly declaring Jesus as a Physician for the body and using this divinely-bestowed gift, he continues his medical practice with a clear conscience under the smile of the Master. He not only does not make an issue with medical science; he honors the calling himself, and yet ceaselessly declares that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick." There are many, like Luke, beloved physicians, doing grand and noble work; but the divine Spirit, whose realm lies beyond the use of material means, is leading weak and suffering ones, whose cases baffle earthly skill, to look by faith directly to Jesus, the Source of all power. Such lay aside natural remedies, not in a spirit of antagonism, but accept their disease that God may have all the glory of the result secured; for in every manifestation of divine power God would reveal Himself and enhance His glory. May we all understand His word aright, and honor Christ with an all-embracing faith that shall grasp the full benefits secured to us by His glorious redemption!

MY FOURTH CHARGE.

BY REV. ISAAC LOMB.

In 1830 I was on what was called Parkman circuit, in the Maine Conference. This circuit embraced seven towns, and about every three months I used to go up into the Mooshead Lake country some twenty miles. In summer the road was only brushed off above Monson, and in some places the swamps were so wet and the mud so deep that I dared not ride; so I would let my horse make his way as best he could, and I would walk along the sides on the logs, while the mosquitoes seemed all athirst for blood. Then we had the pond to cross, and here was what we called a floating bridge, made of round logs; but my horse was sagacious, for he placed his feet on the top of the rolling logs, and we were over safely. On we would then go to an opening, and then the warm reception compensated for all our toil.

The most central house was selected for the meeting, and a little boy or girl was directed to the next house, and they would inform the next family, and thus these living bells called the people together for meeting. All were glad of the privilege. The next day we would be in another place. Some would follow, and then with a slice of pitchwood on fire for a lantern, they would go to their homes. We were gathering souls into the fold of Christ, and from among these converts there came one preacher of the Gospel and one preacher's wife.

In the winter I took my wife with me, that she might enjoy a few days in the woods in log-houses. We entered the woods on Wednesday, and moving to a different neighborhood every day, did not see a framed house until Monday.

The Sabbath was a great day. The people came from all the neighborhood to hear the Gospel, and the Master was there also. One woman rode six miles on an ox-sled, without hat, cap, bonnet, or cloak; a wooden blanket pinned under the chin answered for all these fixtures. Her object was to hear the word of the Lord. And some were there who had not heard a sermon for three years. These people were hungry, and they were easy to preach to them. Some say

preachers do not move the people as they did in years past, but it may not be the fault of the preacher. I took the same text I used the preceding Sabbath, and virtually the same sermon. There I saw no visible effect; but here tears and shouts were seen and heard. It was easy to feed the hungry people. These were days of toil, but they were happy days, and their memory is sweet. We expect to greet those precious souls on the other side, and we will labor on until the Master says, "Come over this side now."

Ogunquit, Me.

FROM OUR MISSIONS.

Italy Mission.—Rev. Frederick Cruciani abjured Catholicism in the Methodist Church in Rome on Sunday evening, April 2. It seems probable that he will be a great help to Methodism. Count Campello will hardly render service as a minister in our church, though we may hope to see a good work done through his new paper, *Il Lavoro*, the first number of which was issued March 15. The paper will not, however, advocate any denominational interest. A more particular devotion to our cause is expected from Signor Cruciani, a man of marked ability. Dr. Vernon and his family have been ill, but are improving. Bishop Harris and family were in Rome and in good health at our last accounts.

Rev. H. Mansell and wife, of the North India Mission, arrived in Rome early in April, where they were to pass several days. They are expected in New York early in June. "We hope," writes Mr. Mansell, "to be able to do something for India and the heathen world while we stop in America, and to return strong to India."

Liberia Mission.—Miss Sharp reports that a good revival work has occurred in the Monrovia Church. A camp-meeting was held which closed early in March. Thirty persons were received into the church the preceding Sabbath. Among them were seven Kroos, who had been under Miss Sharp's instruction. She thinks that the Monrovia Church never occupied higher ground spiritually than at present. More of the Kroos were soon to be taken into the church; and Krootown was to be made a regular appointment on Mr. Pitman's district (Monrovia). There is the nucleus of a church there. Rev. C. A. Pitman and Rev. D. Ware (St. Paul's district) are both working hard on their districts with the purpose to advance the tone of spirituality and the general interests of the church. Special meetings have been perseveringly held at Monrovia since November.

The Liberian government has taken an advance attitude in the matter of education. The President promises to enforce the laws which enjoin the natives to send their children to school. This, if effected, would be a great help to mission work.

Rev. Joel Osgood, who has a school of Congo boys at White Plains, has been seriously ill, but was improving at last accounts. Miss Sharp surmounts all adversities of the climate, and writes: "My health is just marvelous. The days and weeks come and go with never a pain or ache or feeling of lassitude. I have reason to be grateful to God and faithful in His service."

Salt Lake Seminary. Rev. T. B. Hilton, A. M., principal, to be developed into the University of Utah for which a board of trustees now exists, is soon to receive new accommodations. The Woman's Home Missionary Society are about to put up a new building for boarding-house and dormitories, at an expense of \$5,000; already the Methodist Episcopal Church edifice in Salt Lake City, which is well known to be of spacious size with room to spare, is undergoing some alterations which will furnish excellent accommodations for the scholastic purposes of the Seminary, by appropriating the lower story and a portion of the upper story to this purpose. The current educational year of the Seminary began March 5. The Seminary has struggled for years against many difficulties. The present outlook for it is promising; but it needs much pecuniary aid as well as the general sympathy and prayers of the church.

Bookchin Mission.—The work of this mission is in a very interesting state in many ways. Rev. D. W. Chandler reports that the result of the late series of meetings is the reception of over thirty probationers into the church. He also states that Mr. Ahok, the merchant and benefactor of the college, was one of the number. The greater portion were from the schools of the mission. Mr. Chandler will be compelled to return home by the critical condition of his health. One of his lungs is very severely affected as the result of a severe attack of pneumonia experienced some two years ago. This obliged his suspension of labors for some months; but he has since continued his work in hope of persevering with it, but he yields, with great regret, to the necessity of returning. "I have been intent," he writes, "on remaining here ten and a half years. I am in more trouble about returning to America than I experienced in leaving it." There is hope that with prolonged rest he will yet recover strength to return again to his so much loved work.

Sweden Mission.—We have sad news from Sweden. It is but recently that very inspiring reports were transmitted to us of the work of God in the Stockholm district of our Sweden Conference by Rev. John Kihlstrom, presiding elder on that district; and now we have to chronicle his sudden death by a railroad accident on the 29th of April. He was, at the time, traveling his district to hold a fourth quarterly conference on one of the charges. Rev. Charles A. Stenholm, pastor at Upsala, thus writes concerning the event: "Brother Kihlstrom had visited several of his appointments, rejoicing to see how the work of God had prospered during the year,

and was coming from the west of his district, when the train stopped. Several passengers were slightly bruised, and Brother Kihlstrom was instantly killed. His poor mangled body arrived at Stockholm yesterday (May 3), and the burial will take place on the 5th inst. He leaves a wife and a son, about sixteen years old, to mourn the loss of a good husband and father. The deceased was one of our first missionaries, and has been on the field the last thirteen years, always proving himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. He was appointed presiding elder two years ago by Bishop Merrill, and made himself endeared both to preachers and people. We mourn his death as a real loss to our Swedish Methodism, too young yet to be able to spare such men."

Missions of the M. E. Church, South.—This church sustains three foreign missions. It has one in China with its centre at Shanghai, which was begun in 1848—a year later than our own at Foochow. It has been the scene of the labors of Drs. Jenkins, Cunningham, Lambirth, Allen and others. Much has been done through the press, and an educational system is now being developed corresponding to our own at Foochow. The mission has 96 members and 40 probationers. The Central Mexican Mission, beginning at Mexico City in 1873, reports a membership of over 1,100. There is a prosperous Mexican Border Mission, chiefly in the State of Texas along the Rio Grande. The Brazil Mission has struggled with hindrances to its progress. The Woman's Missionary Society is helping here, as elsewhere. For home and foreign purposes it raised \$28,000 in 1881. These facts concerning the foreign missions, and much else of interest to all Methodists concerning the home missions of the M. E. Church, South, may be found in a compact volume of 144 pages recently prepared by Rev. A. W. Wilson, D. D., who, having been for years missionary secretary, has recently been elected Bishop of the M. E. Church, South.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Try to save one soul—lead one wanderer to the fold of Christ. What a work is that, and if successful, what results for the highest interest of Christ's kingdom may follow through eternal ages! You may not plan successfully for the evangelization of a city, but you may save a soul from death. Don't fail to do it.

The missionary cause is the greatest, grandest of all our Christian enterprises. It is worthy the attention and support of the church it has never received. Says the London *Watchman*:

"We must place the missionary enterprise in the forefront of all our philanthropies. Christ has not changed His mind in reference to the world's salvation, neither has He yet laid aside the Methodist people as unfit to win the world to Him. While He determines to save men, and to save them by us, we must not withhold one atom of strength, one mite of money, or one deed prompted by a generous enthusiasm."

The Gospel is achieving wonders, and its triumphs are now beginning to be seen and acknowledged. Nations are being brought to Christ. The West Indies but a little time since was regarded as a great mission field, but such has been the success of the Gospel there, that it has become thoroughly Christianized. Of its million of inhabitants, the Moravians claim over 36,000 converts. The Wesleyans exceed this number by five or six thousand, and the number of converts of other denominations is about 85,000, with about 250,000 attendants at worship. Let the church look at such glorious results of the Gospel and take courage.

Our Book Table.

The first volume of the American edition of Spurgeon's very scholarly work on the Psalms, *THE TREASURY OF DAVID*, had a very large sale. The second volume is now issued by the publishers, Messrs. Funk & Wagnall, New York, and two volumes a month will be published until it is completely out. For so large a volume, in small but clear type, on fine paper, its price is very small—\$2; less than half that of the English edition. As a homiletic volume, and a gathering of illustrative comments from the richest sources, especially from early Puritan literature, this work is unique and admirable. It is a thesaurus of suggestion to the preacher, and a storehouse of illustration for meditation to the thoughtful Christian.

Harper & Brothers, to the delight of all bright boys, have published, in the same handsome and profusely-illustrated form, another volume of traveling adventures by Thomas W. Knox. Some time since from the same author we had "The Young Nimrod in North America," and now we have "Tom Yoxon's Ramblings AROUND THE WORLD. The personnel of the story, only, is fiction; the incidents and descriptions of countries, peoples, and adventures by sea and land are events of constant occurrence and records of real scenes. The volume is as instructive as it is interesting, and is one of the best kinds of boys' books.

From the same house we have, in their "Students' Series," A CONCISE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, by Rev. Walter W. Skeats, M. A. This volume is a careful abridgment of the more elaborate work of the same author. It is as full as the necessities of ordinary school students require. It gives, in brief, the origin and history of English words, with their various changes and the additions which they have undergone. It will be an invaluable contribution to the teachers' school library.

WORTH LIVING; OR, THE OLD FINCHLEY PLACE. By Lillian F. Wells. 12mo, cloth, pp. 272, illustrated. \$1.25. The lives portrayed in "Worth Living" are instructive and full of interest. Florence, the heroine, possesses rare beauty of character, but it unfolds itself in a natural and life-like way. The Old Finchley Place is a charming country mansion, whose broad lawn and overhanging eaves, as shown in the frontispiece, invite the reader to peruse the book under summer shades. Another picture shows the campus of Yale College, where three of the personages in the book gained a knowledge of

some things not set forth in the curriculum of study. The great civil war contributes thrilling incidents. A gifted and erring girl, brought home by the magnificence of the wonderful love of God. The story ends in a way not common to fiction, but most true to actual life. The moral of this volume is both positive and impressively taught. Published by the American Sunday School Union, 1122 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

E. B. Treat & Co. issue afresh the monograph of Dr. George M. Beard upon SEA-SICKNESS. He believes he can conquer it with bromides. Some of our European company tried it on the Atlantic with some success, as they thought. We preferred to wrestle with Nature, and still live! It is well to read the book, and then pay frankly the requisite tribute to the Ocean King. A man is sure to feel better when he gets well.

The Harpers also issue, in their beautiful school edition of Shakespeare, *THE TRAGEDY OF TIMON OF ATHENS*, edited, with annotations, notes, and a historical introduction, by William Gifford. A. M. It has also a number of fine wood illustrations.

James R. Osgood & Company publish in a handsome form, with map and illustrations, the volume entitled *AMONG THE AZORES*, by Lyman H. Weeks, to which we refer in a few weeks since. It makes a volume of 246 pp. It is the record of results of two visits to the islands, written by a skillful hand, giving lively and interesting descriptions of places, people, productions, churches, social customs, climate, conveniences, and traveling, boarders and invalids. To persons going towards the mild atmosphere of these sea-girt islands for a winter's residence, and to the general reader, the well-written little volume will afford information and interest.

Charles Scribner's Sons issue a very useful hand-book for the summer tourists now turning their faces towards Europe by the sea routes. It is entitled, *THE TRAVELER'S GUIDE TO TRAVEL AND ART STUDY IN EUROPE*, by L. L. Loomis, A. M. 12mo, 631 pp. Prof. Loomis has compiled for a number of years, conducted companies annually to, and over, Europe. He has learned from observation and experience just what these rapid travelers need, and has put it in a simple, important it is to have it in your pocket. Fresh from one of these trips, we examined these pages with much interest. It would have been of great service, we saw at once, to have had it as a traveling companion. It contains the contents of a small library of illustrated guide-books, and presents its topics in an alphabetical form, so that they can be made readily available. It gives routes, maps, plans, and catalogues of chief galleries, and lists of the principal works of art. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

From the same house we have, in their "Campaigns of the Civil War," *VOL. IX, ATLANTA*, by Jacob D. Cox, D. D. It is a very interesting and valuable volume, and is one of the best of the series. It is an immense circulation, and is undoubtedly forming the popular criticism as well as history of the late war. They are not without personal bias, but they are the advantage of the previous works, of time, of comparison of accounts, of the records of Confederate leaders, and are written by those who had special personal opportunities for securing exact information. They increase in interest as the great strategic approaches. No campaign will awaken more enthusiasm, even as the story is repeated "over and over," than that of Atlanta and the following campaign.

The author works out the legitimate necessity of unimpaired appetite and passion, and the last page has a crimson stain upon it.

H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, publishes a useful volume of illustrations for the pastor, the Sunday-school teacher, or for family reading. It is made up of the best of the illustrations of articles to his well-known and excellent paper—*The Christian*. The volume is entitled, *FIRESIDE READINGS FOR THE HOME*, by H. L. Hastings, editor of *The Christian*. 16mo, 382 pages. Price \$1.25. It is a useful and wholesome volume.

The National Temperance Society, New York, publish *WINE, SPIRITS, AND ECCLESIASTICAL*, by Norman Lee, M. D., F. L. S., 2mo, 24 pp. It proves that there are unimpeachable wines, so called, in use in the East, to be found also in oriental literature, described by travelers. It gives, also, the names of the wines, and the countries where they are produced. It is a useful and interesting selection. The volume is a very pleasant one to take up in quiet moments, and is full of thoughtful and quotable sentences.

Chase & Sanborn, importers and wholesale dealers in teas and coffees, and other goods, have published a new and interesting tract upon COFFEE; its properties, of production, varieties, cultivation and preparation for the table. The little manual is both interesting and instructive.

THE ENGLISH REVISERS' GREEN TEXT. Shown to be unauthorized except by Egyptian copies, Discarded by Greek, and to be Opposed to the Historic Text of all Ages and Churches, by G. W. Samson, writer, evidently seen more, has made a tasteful and interesting selection. The volume is a very pleasant one to take up in quiet moments, and is full of thoughtful and quotable sentences.

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ZION'S HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1882.

Why do some preachers have unappreciative and unresponsive hearers? Is it not to be traced largely to the preachers themselves? Do they not leave the impression that their best efforts are unappreciated? That the capacity of their hearers cannot measure up to an understanding of the great excellence of their performances? Such preachers need less self-esteem and more of the heavenly anointing. To preach under the influence of a pentecostal baptism, would greatly improve both preacher and hearers.

True, sincere and honest convictions—how valuable they are! How they help one in every work and duty of life! They give stability to character, and lend an individual to regard truth and right as paramount to everything else. How reliable are such as are possessed of these convictions! How true to all their Christian church duties! What a blessing to a pastor to be surrounded with such Christian workers! Where they are found, the church prospers.

Addison made a good point against the atheists of his day when he told them their logic was inconclusive. They inferred from their theory of no God that the belief in immortality must also be a delusion. But, said Addison with grim humor, the "chance, to which you attribute things, has actually given you a place in this bad world. Why, then, may it not hereafter give you a place in another and possibly worse world than this?" This was answering fools according to their folly; but the reply was pertinent and unanswerable, and is as good against the scientific Agnosticism of to-day as it was against the philosophical atheism of that charming essayist's times.

"If that speculation succeeds and I take a large share in it, I shall become a rich man. But I cannot take hold of it without dishonestly using the property of my employers, without a breach of the trust they repose in me." How many men have stood on the brink of their fate, talking thus to themselves, dazzled by the brilliancy of temptation, and dallying with the tempter until they have leaped into the fatal gulf of financial criminality! Art thou thus tempted, O man of affairs? If so, consider these pregnant words of Bacon: "Being, without well-being, is a curse, and the greater the being the greater the curse; and all virtue is most rewarded, and all wickedness most punished, in itself." Listen, also, to the eternal Voice, saying, "The wages of sin is death."

A modest Christian, whose argumentative powers are not large, may sometimes be confused by the volubility of a talkative and sarcastic unbeliever. He may for the moment be unable to give a satisfactory reply to such a blatant adversary. But he may, in such case, at least adopt the language of that candid heathen, Socrates, who, when speaking of the obscurities found in the writings of Heraclitus, said, "What I understand pleases me well; and I doubt not that what I do not understand would please me as well, if I did but understand it." With vastly greater reason the believer may say of the perplexities of Revelation, "What I do understand of revealed truth delights and satisfies me, and I am confident that when I see my Lord face to face in the hereafter, He will make what I do not now understand as clear, as beautiful, as satisfactory, as are the truths which I can now comprehend."

The glory of ancient Jerusalem was its stately Temple, and the glory of its Temple was the presence of God. It was His presence that justified the pious few in calling Jerusalem "the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth." Hence when He forsook the Temple because of the sins of the nation, the city became the invader's prey. The ploughshare of war was driven over the ruins of its temple and palaces, and Jeremiah said of it, "All that pass by clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, 'Is this the city that men called the perfection of beauty?' It was, in truth, a pitiful spectacle which excited the scorn of pagan observers; but was

it not also typical of the fate which befalls a Christian church when its spiritual life declines, when its worship becomes hollow formalism, when its members glory in their worldliness, and stain their garments with the moral filth of unclean deeds? Then indeed the modern sinner, the skeptic, and the man of the world, cast scornful glances upon a church and spitefully say, "Is this indeed a church of Christ?" Alas! that any such church can be found self-stripped of that robe of holiness which is the only garment that can give it claims to be called "the perfection of beauty," the joy of its neighborhood, and an object, not of popular scorn, but of universal admiration.

The arm of a child by casting a stone into the sea causes a ripple on its surface, but the strength of a giant is insufficient to prevent that ripple from enlarging itself until it reaches the distant shore. And such, also, is the self-perpetuating power of sin. The first wrong act, often misnamed a little sin, is easily and often thoughtlessly committed, but who is sufficiently master of himself to be sure that, without divine grace, he can resist the temptation which always comes, to repeat it? And, as Bonar has shown, there is this fatal difference between a ripple on the sea and a sin in the human life: "The ripple grows fainter and sinks lower as the circle widens and recedes from its centre. Not so with sin. What was a ripple at first soon swells into a wave ever rising higher until we behold the huge mountain billow upon the eternal shore." Did not the world's immeasurable wickedness and hell's unimaginable misery spring from the single guilty deed of the father of our race? Who, then, will dare to trifle with sin? Who that thinks can help shrinking from sin as the most deadly of all evils? Bunyan's homely rhymes describe it thus:—

"Sin is that beastly thing that will defile Soul, body, name and fame in little while; 'Twill make him, who some time God's image was, Look like the devil, love and plead his cause; Like to the plague, poison or leprosy, Defile it will, and infect contagiously. Wherefore beware, against it shut the door, If not, it will defile thee more and more."

TEMPORAL BENEDICTIONS AND RETRIBUTIONS.

We do not think too much of the eternal sanctions attending good and evil, but far too little of the earthly blessings, or self-reproaches, which attend upon a faithful or faithless life. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and the "heart knoweth its own bitterness," but cannot tell it, when the certain harvest of wrongdoing begins to be gathered.

One who has succeeded by diligence, economy and business tact in securing a large fortune, like the noble merchant of Norwich, Conn., whose name for the best of reasons has become so widely known, wisely concludes not to wait until death unlooses his grasp from his accumulations, but to make a "living sacrifice" to God for the benefit of his fellow-men. Looking over the vast field of possibilities for aiding in the most effectual way the most needy of the sufferers in his own nation, he determines that nothing, in the long run, will be more serviceable than to aid the facilities for education of the newly-enfranchised colored people; so he devotes a million dollars of his money to this purpose. He finds a ready response as he calls into his counsels the first men of the nation to aid him in his benevolent enterprise. He will be permitted to see the schools planted, teachers educated, and the hopeful beginnings of intellectual movements which will continue, in one form or another, to bless the race as long as the world stands. He will enjoy the high respect of his fellow-men, the tenderest regards of those receiving personal benefit from his appropriations, and a permanent remembrance among the benefactors of the generation.

Now, words cannot express the satisfaction which a mind capable of planning such a noble work, of estimating its useful results, and of deliberately devoting to it so large a sum of money, will take in watching the development of such a scheme. Setting aside the eternal reward, the "well-done" of the great Master, the endless succession of beneficent results, the benedictions, while living, which such a person will receive in his own soul, would form an ample remuneration for all the sacrifices he makes. Few thoughts, outside of trust in the world's Redeemer, will bring more comfort in the closing hour of life than the knowledge that so much positive benefit has been secured to his fellow-men, and that he has raised for himself such a permanent monument in the hearts of so many thousands of human beings. The costliest residence in the metropolis, with the richest and rarest styles of furniture, the largest and best gallery of art in the land, the most surprising collection of jewels, a fortune bewildering in its magnitude, cannot bring to bestow the inspiring comfort of the simple consciousness of having rendered large and positive service to our fellow-men. Such as these are the benedictions of life; but life also has its retributions.

How different the condition of a person who has been charged with

great financial responsibilities, and recklessly betrayed his trust! By taste and training he has attained a marked facility in business. He has acquired and well understands the laws of trade in money, and he knows the incident perils also. If his own property only were at stake, he might, at his possible loss, audaciously submit to daring risks in order more rapidly to increase his wealth. But he is supposed to be familiar with all the conservative defenses of money in circulation, and to be the safe guardian and manager of the property of other men. Hundreds and thousands that know nothing of trade entrust their fortunes to his care. It is his business and duty to watch over them. They cannot control his acts; they helplessly leave all in his hands; all his knowledge and skill are solemnly pledged for their defense and advantage. There are human contingencies against which the best-trained skill and the highest human wisdom can offer no defense. Such events, however, are of rare occurrence. The chief perils of trade are voluntarily accepted, and the result of reckless speculation. With such delicate trusts and such helpless confidence reposed in him, how serious the responsibility such a man assumes before God, his own conscience and his fellows! He may not deliberately plan a course of fraud. He may feel quite confident of his ability to meet every exigency in the course he marks out for himself; but if, against the well-established laws of trade, without the knowledge of those who have a right to know and advise in every step he takes, for his own personal benefit, or simply to secure a higher return than attends legitimate business, he risks these solemn trusts and comes to ruin, if he has any moral sensibility left, his condition is not one to be envied. He ought to feel unable to look honest men in the face. It cannot remove the sense of self-reproach to affirm to the inward monitor that there had been no act of intentional fraud; there has been an immoral and unwarranted risk of the property of others. In such a case, if one is not lost to manly sensibility, the thought of the real suffering in thousands of homes, the exquisite distress, the loss of health and even life which such a rash and unpardonable act has occasioned, would be a stinging pain, unremitted in its agony, more unendurable than any public punishment. How terrible the earthly nemesis which a just God permits to come and punish an act of wrong inflicted upon our fellow-men!

It is well for young men to keep this double divine law always in mind: Heavenly charity will ever bring its own benediction, which is richer than any human applause; and a faithlessness to trusts, in addition to any human infidelity, or to the final retribution, will be sure to bring its terrible recompense of self-rebuke—a punishment which is keener than the sentence of any earthly tribunal.

CHRISTIAN PUBLIC MEN.

A speaker at the Friends' Yearly Meeting in New York recently, remarked on the large number of Friends in England who "are to-day occupying positions of great responsibility and influence. Two are members of government; nearly a score are members of Parliament; several are mayors of cities. The number of Friends who fill important posts in England is out of all proportion to the membership of the denomination." The quotation was recalled to mind by the remark, in a late article in this paper, by Dr. Mallien, that "we have lost sight of the fact that there ought to be Methodist doctors, lawyers, editors, artists, scientists and statesmen. . . . There is a duty resting upon the church to see that godly young men are encouraged to prepare themselves for these places of power."

The demands of the work in the early days of Methodism pressed every young man of education among us into the teacher's desk or the pulpit. One such who ventured into law or medicine was reckoned little better than a Jonah. He had to run the gauntlet of Christian criticism student was called to preach. One result of this unwise zeal for the church was to press some unfit material into the pulpit which would have been valuable elsewhere. Doubtless the same error helped to drive out of the Methodist church many of the young men who have gone from our training into various professions of public life. They felt the continual silent reproach because they were not ministers. For the same reason every Methodist school or college was supposed by outsiders to be a sort of theological training school—a species of ignorance which has not wholly passed away.

But whatever the facts in other days, there is no longer necessity that

our graduates should all be drawn or driven into one field of labor. On the contrary, other callings need them as much as the ministry; and the ministry will be the better for the fact that young men come to it by inward attraction rather than by outward pressure. Moreover, our young men will not be halted at the door of college by the pressing demand that entering here they shall also enter the ministry.

There is especial need that Christian men should feel the responsibility and meet the obligations of public service. It is not creditable to our Christianity that among a free and patriotic people politics should have a taint of wickedness, and that "politician" should be in some sense the antithesis of Christian. It is not to our honor that it can be truthfully said that but two of our Presidents have been church members. It is but the tritest truism that our legislation and places of public trust need the presence and influence of Christian men. The church is partly to blame for this divorce of religion and politics, as it is also for the tendency to antagonize science and religion. The fields of scientific investigation need men who enter upon that work with reverence for truth and its Author, but also with some knowledge of spiritual experience. Truth is multifarious, and that is but a one-sided science which deals only with material phenomena, and forgets or denies all the truth of the Spirit. And there seems to be no reason why spiritual experience, more than mental training, should be useless in the realm of science.

Christianity to-day demands the services of her sons, not only in the pulpit, but in all the walks of life. The church needs to press home upon her membership the duty of serving God in the places of public responsibility. Men who love the classroom must feel the responsibilities of the town-meeting. Good stewards of the church must not shirk the labor of municipal government, or of State legislation, or of executive office. It matters not that the Christian in entering into politics must come in contact with selfish and corrupt men, and may sometimes be suspected of selfish motives or corrupt practices which are associated in the popular mind with politics; he must go there because he is needed, go as a Christian, at personal sacrifice of time, money, comfort, if need be, to go to serve God and humanity.

If there be truth in these thoughts, then our Christian young men ought to be training themselves for a broader possibility of usefulness, and the church must see her obligation to aid in the training of men for all the various callings of life. Especially must the fact be recognized that any calling is sacred only as it affords opportunity for the best service of God and humanity; and that no interest or calling is alien to the true and devoted child of God.

Editorial Items.

An invitation from an esteemed companion during our last summer's visit across the Atlantic, to assist at the reopening of his church at Centerville, Rhode Island, gave us a short and pleasant excursion into that State last week. The town is on the line of the New England railroad, very picturesquely situated on both sides of one of the main branches of the Pawtuxet. It has a number of large cotton and print mills, and is only four miles from Phoenix where are the manufacturing of the late Gov. Harris and his pleasant residence. The Spragues have a large mill in Centerville, which, by some means, is now in their hands and running under their supervision. Our excellent Brother Lapham, who was also a companion of the transatlantic trip, is the manager of a very large and finely-constructed and appointed mill owned by his brother, who has in his hands more spindles than are owned and run by any one individual in the country. A ride behind a remarkable representative of the best blood, in the horse line, of Maine, driven by Brother Lapham through the river valley, gave us a succession of delightful views and a conception of the economy with which New England avails herself of all her water power and competes with the world in her cotton manufactures. The workmen and women in these mills are largely Canadian French. They have a very fine and commodious church near the railroad station, and offer an excellent example to their Protestant neighbors in their almost universal and regular attendance upon public service.

The Methodist church, of which Rev. E. L. Hyde is the faithful pastor, has a history of a half century. Its first church edifice was dedicated fifty-one years ago. One lady who sang in the choir on that occasion aided in the singing at the reopening last Thursday. The building has been enlarged and improved once in the interim, and was renovated by Bishop Baker. It sadly needed renewing, and under many discouragements the present pastor commenced the work last year. It is now neat and attractive, and its rooms for social service and church reunions have been very convenient. What is better than all, no debt has been entailed upon the church. More than all

that was required to cancel the cost of the repairs was quietly raised in a few moments at the close of the sermon. The opening exercises were under the direction of Presiding Elder Talbot, who preached in the afternoon; the morning discourse being by the editor of ZION'S HERALD. Dr. Talbot was assisted by a number of the ministers of the district, from Providence and the vicinity. In the evening, Rev. A. A. Wright delivered his admirable blackboard lecture upon the "New Version." Not the smallest portion of the pleasure of the visit was contributed by the charming family of the pastor. The parsonage, which is one of the most convenient of ministerial homes, was filled with sunshine by the three pretty little children and their devoted mother.

A protracted life, with remarkably vigorous physical and intellectual powers, has enabled the veteran and accomplished historian of his country, George Bancroft, to bring his great work to a satisfactory termination. The ten preceding volumes cover the colonial and revolutionary periods. The last two, which are complete in themselves and published separately, as well as uniform with their predecessors, are devoted to the "Constitution of the United States and the History of its Formation." In no period of its history was the country in a more critical condition than at the close of the war, with a comparatively powerless central government, poor, and apparently helplessly in debt. Having occasion, some twenty years ago, in editing a new edition for the State Library, of the Massachusetts Convention of 1788, in which the Federal Constitution was finally accepted by the "Bay State," our interest was greatly awakened in the history of the discussions in Congress and the different States of the confederacy over the newly-projected Union and well-compact federal government. Vital as the work seemed to all, the difficulties of adjustment to secure the rights of all the States and to defend them from being overruled by too powerful a central authority, at times, seemed insurmountable. Great joy was awakened throughout the land when Massachusetts gave in her adhesion. The severest struggle was ended, and the Federal Union became an assured fact. With his imitably rich style and his unweary research, in the enjoyment of extraordinary facilities in reference to original documents and the consultation of libraries, Mr. Bancroft has been enabled to present, as, perhaps, his final literary gift to his countrymen, as full and nearly perfect a record of the discussions, incidents, perils and triumphs of this era, as can be expected from a human hand. His Appendices in both volumes are far from being the most uninteresting portion of the work. They present very rare and valuable documentary evidences in support and illustration of the statements of the text. The work is finely published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and is for sale at their depository in Boston. 8vo, \$2.50 per vol.

We noticed at some length, at the time of their first publication in this country, the first two volumes of "The History of England in the Eighteenth Century," by William Edward Hartpole Lecky. He gave a clearer view of the moral forces developed by the great Reformation under the Wesley and Whitefield than is to be found in any other historian of the period. Two additional volumes have been issued in England, and are republished by the Appletons in this country, bringing the history down to the middle of the year 1782, near the close of the century. This period has a special interest for us in that it covers the whole era of the rise, progress and termination of the American Revolution. Lecky is particularly successful in availing himself of the literature of the hour—newspapers, pamphlets, private letters and memoirs—and in watching the direction of social currents of thought, giving a lifelikeness and human interest to his record. The period passed over has been familiar to our American historians, but as freshly and picturesquely written, it will be read with interest and profit. 8vo, \$2.50 per volume.

BRIEF MENTION.

Dr. Lowrey, by appointment of the Cincinnati Conference, of which he is a member, is expected to be present at the examinations and Commencement exercises of the Boston Theological School, June 5.

In the list of appointments of the East Maine Conference sent us by our correspondent, the name of Rev. N. G. Axtell was omitted. It should have appeared in connection with Union Street, Bangor.

Mr. J. T. Roberts, assistant upon the Northern Christian Advocate, visited the office in the absence of the editor. Any representative of that excellent paper finds a welcome with us; especially would this be true of its accomplished editor-in-chief. We learn, incidentally, that Mr. R. is upon a marriage tour. Our hearty congratulations are proffered.

Drew Ladies' Seminary, Carmel, N. Y., Rev. George Crosby Smith, president, sends out a beautiful annual. It has a very fine and picturesque location, in the heart of country towns, and is under the instruction of an excellent faculty. Its terms are moderate and its scholarship high.

Rev. Thomas Harrison is laboring with his usual remarkable success at St. Paul, Minn. The house where he preaches is crowded every night and hundreds go away unable to find room. At the last report 130 had been at the altar.

The American Board publish, at their stores, 1 Somerset Street, Boston, in their series of large, cheap, wall, missionary maps, an outline of Southern and Western India, showing the Maratha, Madura and Ceylon missions. These maps are admirable for the illustration of missionary addresses at monthly concerts; 75 cents in paper, \$1.25 in cloth.

We have received the very neat catalogue of Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., of which Dr. Frisbee is president, and Miss Helen F. Smith, daughter of the late Augustus Smith, LL.D., daughter of Wesleyan University, is lady principal. This well-appointed institution for

ladies has both a seminary and a full college course. Last year it had 72 students in all departments. The institution is beautifully and healthfully situated on Cayuga Lake.

Mr. H. A. Hartley offers an original attraction to his fine carpet establishment—a portable gazetteer of Massachusetts, giving the name of every town, alphabetically arranged, its distance, means of communication, and fare to Boston. When his rooms are reached, every taste will be gratified by his great variety of patterns in rugs, mats, and carpets.

The Boston Reading Charity, by its agent, Rev. J. M. Chick, tenders very cordial thanks to the numerous donors of back numbers of ZION'S HERALD and other useful reading matter, to this soul-purifying association. He hopes the good work will continue to enlist hearty co-operation, and will, we trust, as heretofore, not hope in vain. For though within some two years 8,125,000 pages, or nearly 60,000 papers, have been given free, mostly to the very poor and destitute, including sailors, the demand for more, including cash funds, is pressing and constantly increasing. Address Rev. J. M. Chick, Boston, 36 Bromfield Street, Room 3.

A tremendous struggle is now going on in the West—in Kansas, and especially in Iowa, Ohio and other States—on the prohibitory question. Liquor manufacturers are thoroughly aroused. Conventions are called, money is freely subscribed, and every effort, without regard to its character, is put forth to stop the temperance crusade; but in vain. You might as well seek "to dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes." Dr. Edwards, of the Northwestern, is doing valiant service in his able paper.

Miss Jennie Smith, of whose remarkable recovery to health from physical helplessness our readers have been fully informed, with a friend, Miss Adelaide Sherman, has been holding a series of meetings at various points on the life of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, for the benefit of railroad employees. These Christian women have proclaimed a gospel of pardon, of moral power, and of temperance. They have secured many hundreds of conversions; and all these have dropped the fatal glass as they became disciples of Jesus. The work has been a wonderful one in every respect.

Rev. Watson W. Smith, whose delicate health prevented his taking a pastoral charge this year, has so far recovered that he can safely meet occasional requests for supply, and indeed fill a pulpit every Sabbath, if necessary. His address is Melrose, Mass. His card, published in another column, shows his plan for training private pupils, for which he is well fitted. Students availing themselves of his personal instruction will find themselves enjoying the skill of an excellent teacher thoroughly acquainted with his work.

Dr. Braden, of Central Tennessee College, sends out his catalogue for the sixteenth year of important and successful educational work in his growing institution at Nashville. He has had 356 students enrolled in all departments of the University, and 105 in the preparatory school. Graduates of his schools are to be found in all parts of the South as preachers, physicians, lawyers, teachers, and well-trained farmers and business men. These cultivated men of color are rapidly solving the problem of caste. We trust this excellent institution will be amply aided, as it deserves to be, from the noble Slater fund.

The fine serial now in publication by D. Appleton & Co., entitled "Picturesque Palestine, Sinai and Egypt," has reached its 23d number, to be completed in forty parts. The present issue illustrates the ancient plain of Phoenicia, embracing Tyre and stretching to the north along the coast. The illustrations are very fine, and the whole execution of the work is in the highest style of typographical and pictorial art. The New England agency for the work is at the depository of the Appletons, No. 6 Hawley Street.

The anniversary of the first awakening in the life of their former enthusiasm. A new star on the platform gathers a large and ardent audience; but few think of devoting the week to a consideration of the various claims to sympathy and substance. Woman suffrage meetings and the denominational festivals seem to occasion the only distinct throbs of interest. It is not that the societies have lost the confidence, or interest, or support of the public; but platform eloquence has become somewhat a drug in our market.

Dr. Cooke, of Clafin University, sends us the catalogue of that institution for 1881-82. It was never in a more prosperous condition. In all departments there are enrolled 343 students. It has a strong faculty, and opens its institution to both sexes. There are two young ladies in the college course, and forty in the normal course. We commend this excellent institution, also, to the kind consideration of the trustees of the Slater fund.

The first delegation of the sad survivors of the "Jeannette" exploring expedition has reached our shores. We hope it will be the last to the unfriendly Pole. The results to science are too small for the sacrifices required. Lieut. Danenhower and his small party reached New York on Sunday. The meeting with his father and mother was touching in the extreme. The condition of Lieut. Danenhower was pitiable enough. He was confined as a maniac, but just recognized his weeping son and brother, and then relapsed into helpless mania again, and was removed to the hospital. The story of the sufferings of this brave but unfortunate expedition will be of intense interest when published.

The telegraph announces, as we go to press, that Rev. E. B. Fletcher, of the East Maine Conference, who has resided at Cape Elizabeth for several years, died at Georgetown, Me., a few days since, at the age of 83. Brother Fletcher has been well known as an able defender, in debate and with his pen, of Wesleyan theology; a militant Christian, heartily accepting the truth as taught by his church, and preaching it with great earnestness and without misgiving. An obituary will doubtless soon appear.

We receive this amusing note from one of our preachers in this vicinity:—"My letters come to Chelsea, Bromfield Street, and to several places in Roxbury. I've baffled been, as sailors say, 'Not certain how my friends to speak, But now I hear a loud command, And drop my anchor short a peak. I back and fill and swing no more As tides may set and waltz me round, But welcome all my dear old friends At Number 31 Ottawa Street, Roxbury, Mass. 'V. A. COOPER.'"

The Humboldt Library, for May, contains the essay of Richard A. Proctor upon "Hereditary Traits." It is full of remarkable illustrations. We certainly could not accept the theory of the natural origin of some of the rich dying experiences, or of the exalted religious states of such intelligent and rational Christian disciples as Rev. Wm. Tennant, or the visions of St. Paul, but the argument is very suggestive and full of interest. The doctrine of heredity, after all, is becoming one of the strongest confirmations of the revealed doctrine of the origin and propagation of sin. New York: Fitzgerald & Co.

The General Conference of the Church South has re-elected Dr. J. B. McFerrin as Book Agent—then whom he would be missionary secretary; David Morton, secretary of Church Extension; Rev. W. G. Cunningham, Sunday-school editor; Dr. G. F. Fitzgerald is re-elected editor of the Christian Advocate; and Dr. W. P. Harrison, editor of books. The selection seems to meet with quite general acceptance at the South.

Dr. Vernon writes from Rome, Italy, that Dr. Wheeler, of the Methodist, with his wife, is now passing some time in that city, busily engaged in sight-seeing. He addressed on one Sunday, the audience at the Methodist Mission Church (St. Paul's) in the city, in good Italian, much to the delight of the audience. The Doctor, with his facility of speech, ought to stay in Italy as a missionary. We should love, indeed, a good editor; but then, Dr. Curry and an excellent assistant are still left behind.

Rev. Anna Oliver, pastor of the Wiltoughby Avenue M. E. Church, Brooklyn, sends out a very full and interesting history of the church over which she presides; of the good work already accomplished; of the somewhat straitened circumstances; and of their plans, by small subscriptions, to meet expenses and to raise the \$13,000 which completes the purchase of property worth \$6,000. Her persuasive appeal will reach many hearts, and she will, doubtless, realize her earnest hope. Subscriptions of any amount may be sent to the address of the pastor, 15 Tompkins Avenue.

Dr. A. Lowrey, as chairman of the visiting committee of Drew Theological Seminary, makes a full and interesting report of the results of the examination. The grounds and buildings of the institution are under, passed for the purpose to which they are dedicated. The corps of instructors is large, able and vigorous. A stirring New England element, of which the committee speaks in high praise—our own Dr. Upham—has been added, in the last year, to the faculty. The visitors were gratified with the evident thoroughness of instruction which they witnessed, with the marked spiritual atmosphere of the place, and with the pronounced Methodist type. Twenty-three graduates, this year, one goes to China, one to Japan, and another to frontier work. This is a good story to tell. Let God be praised for it!

Our excellent friends and former traveling companions, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hicliell, have reached their native land again after a year's tour over Europe and the Holy Land. With their card on the editor's table we find a neat little flask of water from the River Jordan. It was taken from the traditional point of our Lord's baptism. Will its drops upon the forehead be any more effectual in baptism? What will Bro. Olmstead say to that?

Rev. L. D. Wardwell sends us, with a note full of interesting historical incidents, an autograph letter of the late Bishop (the Rev.) Josiah Soule, to a grand uncle of his, and a number of other interesting documents to the librarian of the Methodist Episcopal Society, who has a great appetite for such time-colored literature, and a safe place for its preservation.

Our Historical Society is accumulating valuable relics, books, pamphlets, historical sketches, etc., at such a rate that the present quarto will soon be too strait for it. What is chiefly needed now is a goodly number of life memberships. That would put it upon its feet at once. We trust our brethren in other portions of New England will visit and leave some permanent and perennial memorial of themselves.

Rev. Dr. Edward Eggleston is about to bring out, through succeeding numbers of The Century magazine, "A History of Life in the Twentieth Century," which will ultimately grow into a "History of Life in the United States," if the life and health of the author permit. The writer is abundantly capable of making a very interesting, fresh and instructive work. We trust his physical ability will be equal to his zeal and the breadth and seriousness of his undertaking.

Dr. D. P. Kidder writes:—"Brother Magee has received a supply of the 'Board of Education's Report on Children's Day' for 1881, which will be distributed free of charge to all the churches designed for distribution on or before Children's Day of this year. The Board offers the latter personally delivered, or posted by mail, in sufficient quantity to supply every Sunday-school teacher and family of the several congregations where pastors or Sunday-school superintendents will see to the proper circulation. The first week in June is perhaps the very best time for their use. Hence there should be no delay in applying for that may be wanted, or that can be used to advantage. It is interesting to note how rapidly this peculiar observance of our children's day has taken root. In the last year it was officially adopted by the German and Swiss-American Conference; and as Bishop Harris has fixed the Conference session at a date which will cover the second Sunday in June, the brethren have anticipated, and held their Jugendfest (Youth's Festival) in May."

The Central Christian Advocate, of May 24, gives an interesting account of the dedication of the fine new stone and brick church which takes the place of the old Union M. E. Church in the city of St. Louis. The church was first gathered in "troubled" times, during the year, in 1862, and had Henry Cox, D. D., now of California, for its first pastor. The present elegant Gothic structure cost over \$75,000. Its indebtedness, however, was all paid, with over \$100 remaining in the treasury on the day it was dedicated. Well might Bishop Simpson, who hastened from Detroit to dedicate it, say that he had never enjoyed such a costly and beautiful church. The church was beautiful and commodious, and, wonder of wonders, was free from debt! He trusted other church officers would do as well.

English Christians, at the late two-and-a-half-century celebration of the death of William Tyndale, to whom all English readers are indebted for their version of the Holy Scriptures, with the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Archbishop of Canterbury at the head of a working committee, determined upon the erection of some visible memorial to the great English scholar. A site upon the Thames Embankment has been granted for this purpose; and a bronze statue of Tyndale, with his Bible, is to be erected there, to be dedicated to the people of this country, as well as to the English, as equally benefited by his work.

The committee in this country is headed by Dr. Mark Hopkins. Our Dr. Buckley, of the Christian Advocate, represents our church on the committee. D. A. Heald, esq., 119 Broadway, president of the Home Insurance Co., is treasurer. Subscriptions may be sent to him or to Rev. N. H. Eggleston, Williamsburg, Mass., who is secretary of the committee. Small subscriptions from many places are to be preferred to larger ones from a few. It all who feel their obligation for the English Bible should make the slightest expression in money, the American proportion would be easily raised.

Rev. W. I. Gill, pastor of the M. E. Church at Madison, N. J., has been making a short visit in Boston. He preached, with the acceptance of the audience, at the People's Church, Sunday afternoon.

The society for "Divine and Christlike" the first ten days of the journey of the Spirit upon all Christians for the hours which would 9 to 12, on the 9th time in Boston is 1.55

The Bethany Inn, New York city, continues of training young work at home and abroad. The Bethany Inn, New York city, continues of training young work at home and abroad. The Bethany Inn, New York city, continues of training young work at home and abroad.

W. Mansfield, pastor of Church, Salem, who is his pupil since 1864 at Clifton Springs, was also, Letheclled by a generous England Conference.

The American an interesting among at Pittsburgh, Pa., Rev. W. Faxon, Dr. Samuel J. Wilbur, showing the power the missionary work reports for the year schools, with \$7,400 and a number of card, and thousands grown out of the by their missionary.

Dodd, Mead & revised edition of Concordance, this work. It is the head of all work of an emend scholar. This edition of the careful rection of typographical illustrations, complete appendix, no reference without this notice in this city are \$3.50.

The magnificent Prof. G. Ebers, a royal quarto on the many full-page illustrations, complete number. Its first edition, Introduction, L. D., etc., and the most elaborate country, as well as and picture. The second volume of interesting sketches of Khedive, Ismail, and his son, the Khedive Tawfik, ment to the school learned author. The charming historical not be told that the attractive. The translation by Clara Bell, London and New York: The New England ton Street.

Boston University The Trustees established sixty each, to be given to the College of Life, equally divided and the young annual expenses, \$200 or \$300. In ship, is so situated he can attend the out cost, the only incidental expenses.

Corrections: The amount of New Bedford, ern Conference, in Middleboro, raised and paid.

In the late England Conference, omission of the cob Sanborn in ows of decess in Exeter, N. few weeks, shared the toll many years, her name for

The Family.

EARTH'S VIGIL.

O heart of the earth, where they laid him,
Didst thou what was trusted to thee,
When, in the still evening, they brought him,
With the rich in his burial to be?

There once was a forest-born maiden,
Whose love went, unsought, to the king;
He reigned, disguised, through the forest,
Folk under his doublet a king.

His sight and his strength were departing,
He staggered and scarcely could stand,
As he entered a forster's dwelling,
Holding fast a dead snake in his hand.

'Twas the home of the maiden that loved him;
And there sat the maiden alone;
She sprang to assist and console him—
Him instantly, perfectly, known.

'Fear not, O my king! 'twill not harm thee,
For short, though so potent, its spell;
'Tis only to sleep, while I guard thee,
And soon thou wilt wake and be well.

'My couch is sweet fern, newly gathered,
And spread with fresh linen to thee;
Lie down, and I'll sing to thee softly,
And keep every danger away.'

She sings, while his splendid eye closes;
His cheek to her pillow is pressed;
No power of the serpent can hold thee;
This slumber is only for rest.

And there lay the lord of her bosom,
The king of a mighty realm there;
His power and his grandeur forgotten,
All helpless, asleep in her care.

'He is mine! he is mine!' sang the maiden,
'While this blessed slumber shall last;
Ah! when he wakes and goes from me,
Myself and my life will be past.'

Her king was a warrior heroic,
Triumphant wherever he trod;
With the courage and strength of a Titan,
With the face and the form of a god.

His shining locks, decking her pillow,
Were sweet with a costly perfume,
The which, with the scent of his garments,
Like incense pervaded the room.

The aloes, the myrrh, and the spices,
Brought to him in the dark of an morn,
This slumbering king in his beauty,
His pride and his glory, had worn.

Oh, say, ye rearing spirit of war,
Halt ere any language can show
The nature, the pain, and the trembling
Such life-drinking vigil must know!

And when in Earth's quivering bosom
The King and her Maker was laid,
Disguised in the flesh, still she knew him,
And trembled with joy, though afraid.

And while all his brethren were doubting
The Christ if they ever had seen,
Earth doubted not him, though in wonder
At what his strange slumber could mean.

And still as she watched him she chanted,
'Thou art mine while asleep in my breast,
And no power of the serpent can hold thee;
This slumber is only for rest.'

And nothing one moment could win her
To turn from her vigil aside,
How should not all nature stand waiting
When he in whom life is, had died?

This faithfully, reverently watching,
Earth saw him awake and arise;
And she quaked to her heart at his triumph,
With pleasure, but not with surprise.

— AUGUSTA MOORE, in *Ladies' Repository*.

MEMORIAL HOME IN YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

The work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in Yokohama is invested with a peculiar interest to thousands of people in New England, from the associations connected with it during the past four years. Our first appropriation for this field was in 1877, and provided for "salary of native teacher," "rent of school-room," "Bible women," and "incidentals"—\$227. Mrs. Correll, wife of the missionary of the Parent Board, took charge of the work for the year. So imperative were the demands for just such work as a lady from our own Society might do, that a very strong appeal was sent to the general executive committee meeting in 1878 for a missionary to be sent to Yokohama; and an appropriation was made for this purpose.

Miss Higgins soon offered herself as a candidate, was accepted, and left in September, arriving there in October, where she found "the waving fields" were indeed awaiting the toil and skill of patient reapers. Carrying to her work there those rare qualifications of mind and heart which had characterized her efforts as teacher and Christian worker at home, and addressing herself with heroic courage and enthusiasm to acquiring the language, she was inspiring in the hearts of all the fondest hopes and largest expectation of future usefulness when the message came to her, "It is enough, come up higher!" Then into the vacancy made thus unexpectedly Mrs. Correll again kindly entered, supervising the school work and Bible women, until, on account of her husband's health, they were compelled to leave for America early in 1881. Then Mrs. Draper took the work, doing all in her power until she, too, was called home on account of the continued illness of her husband and the expressed opinion of his physician that he could never recover in that climate.

Correspondence was had with Brother Soper, who had charge of the mission interests in the absence of Dr. Maclay, and he kindly consented to look after our work until we could send help, if this could be done this year. "Two ladies, and a home for them," would meet the present demands in the case.

Later came most urgent appeals from our ladies at Tokio; also from Miss Vail, one of the teachers in the Theological School at Yokohama—all concurring in the opinion that we must send the needed help, or give up our work there to some other society that could care for its interests. This was heartily endorsed by Dr. Maclay

and Bro. Correll, and they united in entreating our Society to send ladies and provide a home for them, so that in the autumn of this year they may be there, ready to take up this work so successfully commenced in 1878.

At the regular monthly executive committee meeting of the New England Branch for April, the matter of securing a "Home" for the purpose of aiding in developing and carrying on the work of our own Society, as connected with that of the General Society, was presented and pretty thoroughly discussed. Many of the ladies present expressing a very strong desire that our own branch should have the privilege and honor of doing this, it was decided that New England Branch build or secure a Memorial Home in Yokohama in the interests of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

We want everybody who has any interest in this enterprise to have an opportunity to show it "by their works"—their offerings. Just at this time the announcement is made that the building which has been occupied by the Theological School is for sale, as the school is to be removed to Tokio; and as the location is very desirable, and the main building itself finely adapted to the purposes for which we desire it, we are taking the preliminary steps toward securing it, if it shall be deemed advisable by the committee appointed to investigate and arrange for raising the funds necessary for its purchase, or that of some other suitable for our use.

We must depend entirely upon voluntary offerings, as not a penny can be taken from our treasury for this purpose. Our appropriations of general executive committee meeting for 1881-2 extend to October, and can only be used for purposes specified by said committee. There are multitudes, we are confident, who will esteem it a privilege to contribute to this "Memorial Home"—some in memory of her whose precious dust sleeps in that quiet cemetery only a little distance from the site to which we have referred. Others may desire to "thus remember" a dear father, a beloved mother, sister, brother, a darling child, or fondly-cherished friend. Some may possess a valued keepsake or memento which has been treasured up in some safe place, looked at occasionally "for the sake of the giver," and then re-committed to its resting-place. Would not this "Memorial Home" be a most fitting place of deposit for such sacred treasures?—their intrinsic value, I mean. But all may bring to this "bank," one as well as another, sums large or small. The interest is large—"some thirty, some sixty, some a hundred" per cent.; and there can be no failure—unless it be with the stockholders themselves.

Try it, dear friends! This is an unusual "call," we admit, and we most sincerely hope that results will demonstrate that it is a "special call." Send your contributions to our treasurer, Mrs. J. P. Magee, Malden, Mass.

Mrs. M. P. ALDERMAN, Cor. Sec. May 18, 1882.

MISTAKES OF MINISTERS.

It is a mistake to talk down, by repetition, the interest and feeling that have been aroused by earnest and powerful presentation of Gospel truth. It is a mistake to repeat the same incident to the same congregation. Illustrations should be selected in the study, where there is leisure for thought. It is a mistake to quote the same Scripture very often to enforce any special duty or privilege. The Bible is so rich an armory that new weapons can be constantly tried if the enemy seems obstinate.

It is a mistake not to preach to your congregation. It is not sin in the abstract, but in the hearts and lives of the sinners before you, that you wish to oppose. Then into the vacancy made thus unexpectedly Mrs. Correll again kindly entered, supervising the school work and Bible women, until, on account of her husband's health, they were compelled to leave for America early in 1881. Then Mrs. Draper took the work, doing all in her power until she, too, was called home on account of the continued illness of her husband and the expressed opinion of his physician that he could never recover in that climate.

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then you will not have given the back-sliders their share. Would that we all made as few mistakes as our ministers! A MEMBER.

FAMILIAR FACES.

BY ELLA C. G. PAGE.

If, after death on me has worked his will,
I stand among that throng supremely blest
Who pass in triumph through the pearly gates
Of God's best Paradise beyond the stars,
And the old friends of the earth-life below,
Should come to greet me with changed faces all,
Wearing a guise I did not know on earth,
And "welcome" breathe in unfamiliar tones.

I, looking up, should miss the olden play
Of smiles upon the faces that I loved;
And, gazing on the altered visages
(From the dear faces that I knew)
I think I should be homesick up in heaven;
I should turn shuddering, and wildly cry,
'Give me the familiar faces that I knew!
For though these wear the glory on their brow,

I miss the olden smiles and tones I loved;
Strange faces mock my gaze. This is not heaven!

But God is kinder than our fears. And we
Shall see the old-time smiles of welcome play
Upon the well-known faces, as within
The golden gates the dear, familiar friends
Shall gladly stretch to meet us greeting hands.

Methuen, Mass.

CHILDLIKE CONFIDENCE.

Permit me to call the attention of "L. H. B.," who, in the *HERALD* of April 5, writes on "Prayer-meeting Profanity," to the fact that in our Saviour's wonderful prayer, recorded in John 17, the Father is addressed by name, in loving familiarity, no less than six times. Likewise in the prayers of David we often have repeated, "O Lord!" "O my God!" as in the 25th Psalm; and the 30th, and others, might be instanced. Will "L. H. B." call this vain repetition?

Let no one who breathes the name of God in tender reverence be afraid that it will be accounted as profanity by Him who, like as a father loveth his children, pitieth them that fear Him. It is not a hypocritical censor to whom we pray, but a sympathizing Parent, who by His Spirit helpeth our infirmities. It seems to me that when with fervor of feeling we make our requests known to God, we are not generally concerned about how to "fill up," but use such language in talking with the Lord as the urgency of our petitions and the familiarity of our intercourse with Him through the communion of the Holy Ghost, may suggest.

"Let all those that seek Thee rejoice in Thee; and let such as love Thy salvation say continually, Let God be magnified; I am poor and needy. Make haste unto me, O Lord! Thou art my help and my deliverer. O Lord, make no tarrying!" LOUISE S. DORR.

Raleigh, N. C.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY TOGETHER.

FOR RECREATION DAY.
Flowers for the men who lost,
Flowers for the men who won,
The Blue and the Gray together;
Out in the summer sun,
The Blue and the Gray together.

Tears for the fallen brave,
Never a word of blame;
The Blue and the Gray together;
Have each a quiet grave,
Have each a spotless fame,
The Blue and the Gray together.

Songs for a noble cause,
Songs for a new-born hope,
The Blue and the Gray together;
Bring now the sweetest rose,
Lilies and heliotrope,
For the Blue and Gray together.

The Blue and Gray together,
Out in the summer weather,
The Blue and the Gray together;
Sing thrush and robin over each lonely grave!
Sigh, gentle winds, and tell
To the pale asphodel,
"The Blue and Gray sleep well, sleep well, together." —Independent.

Our Girls.

THE NORTH SIDE.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

[Concluded.]

For two or three days after this, our neighbor was not mentioned. In the meantime I brooded over the mystery that surrounded him, and grew desperate. This mystery would presently come to light. When it did, it would blow the whole house to smithereens. I hadn't a doubt. Every night I saw that the silver was transferred to the safe, and all my expensive jewelry I kept locked up for fear of what might happen.

One night, not long after the occurrence above related, I woke suddenly out of a sound sleep and heard the sound of stifled sobbing in the adjoining apartment. This was my cousin's room. I cannot think of anything much more exasperating than to wake up in the dead of the night and hear the sound of crying, especially from one whom you have never seen in tears in all your life.

I went into my cousin's room, and asked her if she was ill.

"I had a bad dream, Winnie," she replied.

"What was it?" I inquired, in all innocence.

"I dreamed that I wouldn't let you put my diamonds in the safe, and our neighbor had broken in with file 113, and made off with them."

If Constance had been weeping before, she was certainly laughing now, and the inference was plain that I had been mistaken in the nature of the sound, and she was laughing at me by night as well as by day. In a not very enviable state of mind I went back to my room and my bed.

About a week after this, we saw our neighbor drive off down the road, and we supposed he had gone to town for supplies. We had not been on the piazza excepting for a fitting moment since the day our neighbor had called.

"How lovely it is here!" I said to Constance, who was watching the clouds again, "and what a shame that papa can give his consent to that man's coming here."

"I thought you were getting over that," my companion remarked abruptly.

"Well, I'm not," I replied.

"Say, Winnie, I believe I'll walk round the haunted spot. Will you come?" my cousin inquired.

"No, I will not," I replied. "Suppose he should come back?"

Constance laughed, and walked away. Presently she turned a sharp corner, and was lost to sight. I went down the piazza steps, and moved along between the heliotrope beds to see what she was doing. To my surprise and dismay, my cousin was down on her knees, before one of the windows, peeping through the small space left between the bottom of a curtain and the lower sash. At that moment I looked down the road, and saw Mr. Ransom driving back at a break-neck speed. I ran toward the end of the piazza where my cousin was kneeling.

"Constance," I cried, "Mr. Ransom is coming. Constance Vinton, come away quickly!"

She didn't seem in much of a hurry to leave the piazza, and we had just time to run round into the orchard before our neighbor drove up. I saw him jump from the wagon and run quickly into the house. It was some time before he came out, and then, instead of driving away again, as I was almost sure he would, he took his horse round to the stable, and that was the end of the journey. Constance looked dead tired as we came back to the house.

"Well, Miss," I remarked, as she sank into a chair by the window, "you've had a narrow escape."

"My only fear is that I haven't escaped," she replied.

"Oh! I know he didn't see you," I assured her.

"Might he not have heard you?" Constance inquired. "Your lungs would make good material for orchestral instruments, Winnie," she replied dryly.

The following day we had planned to spend in the woods. We started soon after breakfast, and just as we were leaving the grounds, Mr. Ransom came upon us.

"May I ask which of these ladies is Miss Vinton—Miss Constance Vinton?" he inquired.

"I am Miss Vinton," Constance replied, with some haughtiness and considerable pallor.

"Then this note is for you," the man responded. "Good morning, ladies; and once more my father's tenant lifted his hat to us and walked away."

I was too weak to stand, and too dumfounded to speak; so I leaned against a stone-wall and waited developments. As Constance read, I noticed that her face grew pink and her eyes bright and moist.

"Come, Winnie, come with me to the north side," she said, as she finished reading.

I suppose she thought I had hold of her hand, for I noticed as she ran along, much too fast for me to keep up with her, that she kept her hand in exactly the position it would naturally take if it had a grasp of mine.

Mr. Ransom was standing on the piazza as I ascended the steps.

"This way, if you please," he said; and that way I went, trembling from head to foot, but determined to follow Constance wherever she led.

The next thing I saw of that cousin of mine, she was sitting on the arm of a large lounging chair, her arm around a man's neck, her face pressed close to a man's face, and neither man nor woman saying a single word. At last, but not before I had begun to feel very foolish, Constance lifted her head and saw me.

"O Winnie!" she said, her face and voice full of a great happiness. "This gentleman is Mr. Winant, to whom I was once engaged. He met with a terrible accident, my dear, and believing he was very generous, he released me from my engagement. I didn't want to be released, but he was indelible. Now having found out that he can entirely recover, he has sent for me again; and, Winnie, he couldn't have done it half so successfully, if you hadn't taken to screaming yesterday."

I must have had my hand in Mr. Winant's some time before I came to my senses, for he said very gravely: "Your friend seems quite dazed, Constance!"

"You have turned everything topsy-turvy for her, Harry," said my cousin; "but she'll plough through it some how!" And the first thing I knew, Constance was sobbing just as she did that lonely night when she told me her dream. I had one good look at Mr. Winant's face, and am free to state that he was the handsomest man I had ever seen, and I did not wonder that Constance loved him.

When I got a chance I inquired of Mr. Winant why his presence in the house was kept a secret.

"I came here in the night with Ransom, my friend, nurse, physician and housekeeper, the best fellow in the whole world," he replied. "I did not want any one to know anything concerning me, and I wanted no scene from any one. I was exceedingly morbid about my condition, and that is all the explanation I can give."

"Winnie," said Constance, "I saw this man yesterday afternoon when I looked in at that window; and without the slightest provocation she buried her head on her lover's neck and went to sobbing again."

Two weeks after this, Constance was married to Mr. Winant. The happy husband grew well rapidly, and that is all there was to ask for. Mr. Ransom I have seen so much in the north side, that I have become very well acquainted

with him. Naturally I am a constant source of amusement for these three individuals. When Constance talks about the burglars who never burgled, a mighty shout goes up. It makes no difference how often the story is told, the shout always seems just as loud and spontaneous as it was at first.

Any way, I knew there was a mystery about the north side, and that is more than Constance ever suspected.

DO WE APPRECIATE OUR HOMES?

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

A touching and significant incident connected with the late advent of the first deputation of Jewish exiles in this country, occurred on the day after their arrival in Philadelphia. Every preparation which humanity, or the most thoughtful care could suggest, was made to give them a cordial welcome. Nothing could well have been more affecting than the spectacle of these exiles, over three hundred in number, mostly in rags and unprotected from the pitiless cold, crowding the ship's side as the great steamer swung slowly to her place in the dock, leaning forward and breathlessly scanning the features of the people on the land, to see whether they were likely to have accorded them a friendly reception or otherwise.

A tremendous American cheer at once evidently assured and relieved their minds.

The wretched little band, still bearing in their bodies the marks of the brutal treatment they had received, were at once conveyed to an immense building, with dormitories, eating-rooms, etc., prepared for their special accommodation. Here they were duly fed, washed and clothed, and for the time being well housed.

Meantime, one young girl was observed to be especially alert and thoughtful in helping others. A noble lady present approached her and kindly offered her a place in her own home as her maid. The girl looked up into the lady's face wistfully, burst into tears, and hastened to her friends, exclaiming, "Oh, I have a home! I have a home!" They crowded around her, laughing, shaking her hands, kissing her, and congratulating her on being the first of their number to find a home—to find work and a place in this great western world.

The Little Folks.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

FIRST M. E. SUNDAY-SCHOOL, BANGOR.

BY MASTER AXTELL.

[14 years of age.]

Jesus, we praise Thee and confess
That Thou hast blessed us and dost bless;
And now we come Thy name to sing,
To worship Thee, our Saviour, King.

Thou hast been with us through the year,
Thy mercies have been ever near;
And Thou hast taught us in Thy word
What lessons Thine own truths afford.

Now, while we shall continue here,
May our fond trust in Thee appear;
May Thy precious love proclaim
And do all things in Thy dear name.

And now, O Lord, when we shall part,
Grant that Thy peace may fill each heart;
Oh, bring us to that school above
Where we shall fully learn Thy love!

THE MISSIONARY POTATO.

It wasn't a very large church, and it wasn't nicely furnished. No carpet on the floor, no frescoing on the walls; just a plain, square, bare, frame building, away out in Southern Illinois. To this church came James and Stephen Holt every Sunday of their lives.

On this particular Sunday they stood together over by the square box-stove, waiting for Sunday-school to commence, and talking about the missionary collection that was to be taken up. It was something new for the poor church; they were used to having collections taken up for them. However, they were coming up in the world, and wanted to begin to give. Not a cent had the Holt boys to give.

"Pennies are as scarce at our house as hen's teeth," said Stephen, showing a row of white, even teeth as he spoke. James looked doubtful. It was hard on them, he thought, to be the only ones in the class who had nothing to give. He looked grimly around on the old church. What should he say, lying in one corner under a seat, by a potato?

"How in the world did that potato get to church?" he said, nodding his head toward it. "Somebody must have dropped it that day we brought things here for the poor folks. I say, Stephen, we might give that potato. I suppose it belongs to us as much as to anybody."

Stephen turned and gave a long, thoughtful look at the potato. "That's an idea!" he said eagerly.

"Let's do it!" James expected to see a roughish look on his face, but his eyes and mouth said: "I'm in earnest!"

"Honor bright!" asked James.

"How? Split it in two, and each put a half on the plate?"

"No," said Stephen, laughing. "We can't get it ready to give to-day, I guess; but suppose we carry it home and plant it in the nicest spot we can find, and take extra care of it and give every potato it raises to the missionary cause?"

"If I had a twenty-acre lot that would grow potatoes in that fashion, I should make my fortune."

When harvesting came, would you believe that there were forty-one good, good, splendid potatoes in that hill?

Another thing: While the boys were picking them up, they talked over the grand mass meeting for missions that was to be held in the church next Thursday—an all-day meeting. The little church had had a taste of the joy of giving, and was prospering as she had not before. Now for a big meeting to which speakers from Chicago were coming. James and Stephen had their plans made. They washed the forty-one potatoes carefully; they wrote out in their best hand this sentence forty-one times: "This is a missionary potato; its price is ten cents. It is from the best stock known. It will be sold only to one who is willing to take a pledge that he will plant it in the spring and give every one of its children to missions. Signed, James and Stephen Holt." Each shining potato had one of these slips smoothly pasted to its plump side.

Didn't those potatoes go off, though! By three o'clock on Thursday afternoon not one was left, though a gentleman from Chicago offered to give a gold dollar for one of them. Just imagine, if you can, the pleasure with which James and Stephen Holt put each two dollars and five cents into the collection that afternoon. I'm sure I can't describe your joy, but I can assure you of one thing: They each have a missionary garden, and it thrives. —The Pansy.

For Young and Old.

Bits of Fun.

.... A collector of antique furniture was hunting through the auction shops the other day for a "signal service bureau."

.... "That's what beats me," said the boy said when he saw the skate on the skate strap down at his accustomed nail.

.... When Patrick saw the announcement in a shop window, "Great Slaughter in Clothing," he stepped in and inquired for "a wan of thin kilt suits."

.... Jones: "What did you think of my argument, Fogg?" Fogg: "It was sound, very sound." Jones: "I thought it was sound, but I don't think it was a brick."

.... Shifting the responsibility: Mistress: "Forgot it! Why, I told you to impress it on your mind." Bridget: "It was on me mind I put it, but me mind went astray wid it."

.... A bevy of little children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest, "Reading, spelling, and definitions." "And what do you get, my little one?" said the father to a five-year-old little fellow, who was at that time shyly driving a trolley nail into the door panel. "Me? Oh, I gets readin', spellin', and spankin'."

.... The new moon was pointed out one evening to Johnny, who was just learning to talk; being asked if he saw it, he said, "Yes, I see the rim of it."

.... "How is it, my dear, that you have never kindled a flame in the bosom of any man?" said an old lady to her niece. "The reason, dear aunt, is, as you well know, that I am not a good match."

.... A gentleman somewhat advanced in life, and who was never remarkable for his good looks, asked his grandchild what he thought of him. The child, who was very precocious, replied: "The youngster made me reply, 'Well, why won't you tell me what you think of me?' Cause I don't want to get ticked," was the answer.

.... "Excuse me, Miss Malory, but may I inquire what this arrangement means that you have hung up on the kitchen wall?" "Oh, that, sure an' it's a daisy, nam, and just wait till you see the beautiful picture of my father. I'll be after hanging about the daisy. It's issthetic I am, nam, if you please, and my lady's greenery young man's comin' here to take a widge me this evening."

.... An Albany paper tells of a woman in that city who woke her husband during a storm, the other night, and said: "I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear the thunder."

.... A young lady who graduated from a high school last July is teaching school up in New Hampshire. A bashful young gentleman visited the school the other day, and was asked by the teacher to say a few words to the pupils. This was his speech: "Scholars, I hope you will always love your school and your teacher—as much as I do." Tableau—crying boys and giggling girls and a blushing school-ma'am.

Gems of Thought.

.... Thou hast made me, O Lord, for Thyself; and our souls are restless till they return to Thee. —Augustine.

.... We do not become righteous by doing what is righteous, but having become righteous, we do what is righteous. —Luther.

o met the party at the

[illegible]

